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THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, IN THE PALACE OCCUPIED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AND STAFF AT LARISSA.

See "Our Illustrations" for an Account of Mr. Seppings Wright's Interview with the Crown Prince.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Among the many ways of commemorating the Queen's Jubilee I have not yet seen suggested that of a new National Anthem. With the tune, of course, none could wish to meddle, but the words as they stand at present are only worthy of a "poet's corner" in a provincial news-paper—

Confound their politics,
Frustate their knavish tricks.
This is the verse that sticks.
Can there be worser?

The words have not even the merit of an English origin. Raikes informs us in his Journals that they are almost a literal translation of the antique song sung by the Demoiselles de St. Cyr when Louis XIV. attended the chapel of that establishment, and were translated and adapted to the House of Hanover by Handel—

Grand Dieu, sauve le Roi!
Grand Dieu, venge le Roi!
Vive le Roi!
Que toujours glorieux,
Louis victorieux,
Voye ses ennemis
Toujours soumis!

Perhaps the metre does not lend itself to poetical composition, for no alternative versions, of which we have had many, possess much merit. There have also been imitations of a political character, but more remarkable for vigour or venom than for excellence. Even Shelley's anthem to Liberty is far from brilliant—

God prosper, speed and save,
God raise from England's grave
Her murdered Queen!
Pave with swift victory
The steps of Liberty,
Whom Britons own to be
Immortal Queen.

There is a vagueness about this that forbids enthusiasm. It is sad to have to confess it, but the best verse one remembers in connection with these imitations is an extempore one, said to have been delivered by a student of Lincoln's Inn, who, when solicited to lead in a solo of the National Anthem after a dinner given by the Benchers, used it as a vehicle to complain of the small allowance of port wine—

Happy and glorious—
Three half-pints 'mong four of us,
Heaven send no more of us.
God save the Queen!

It is, perhaps, in consequence of the great increase of insomnia amongst us, caused by the hurry and worry of life in these days, that so much interest was aroused by the case of the young woman at Cheltenham who was so fast a sleeper. It is rare with many of us to have even "a good night," much more half a dozen of them; but in old times (when there was little else to do) there were numerous instances of prolonged sleep. The champion sleeper of the world was doubtless Epimenides, whose record was fifty-seven years. When he emerged from his cave and rejoined his family, it is not surprising to read that "he found great changes." He had almost as much difficulty in obtaining credence as the Tichborne Claimant, and what seems very strange, owed his recognition to a younger brother: there was probably nothing to be inherited. His case was plagiarised in more recent times by Rip van Winkle. One would wish to speak only of facts, and I therefore hesitated to say much of the Lucomorians (in Muscovy), who on Nov. 27 (precisely) every year were wont to fall asleep until April 24. This is certified by a great number of ancient authors; but let us be content to remark that whether the thing occurred or not, it was a good plan. The case of long sleepers was pleasantly put by Lord Beaulieu (an Irishman). His wife complained of being disturbed by noises in the night. "Well, for my part," he replied, "there is no disturbing me; if they don't wake me before I go to sleep there is no waking me afterwards."

Addison, in the *Spectator*, gives an account of a sleeping man who appears to have made somnolence his profession. He is thus advertised in the *Daily Courant*: "Nicholas Hart, who slept last year in Bartholomew Hospital, intends to sleep this year at the Cock and Bottle in Little Britain." Upon inquiry, it seems this person was seized every year with a periodical fit of sleeping, beginning on the fifth of August and ending on the eleventh. As a guest at an inn he would hardly be found remunerative, unless quite a Jubilee price was charged for his bed-room; but no doubt he attracted sightseers; indeed, we are told that his week's sleep provided him means for a twelvemonth, and that, like Homer, he might have been said to have had "golden dreams." His proceedings, as recorded, appear to have been mapped out with much regularity—

On the First of the month he grew dull;
On the Second, appeared drowsy;
On the Third, fell a-yawning;
On the Fourth, began to nod;
On the Fifth, dropped asleep;
On the Sixth, was heard to snore;
On the Seventh, turned himself in his bed;
On the Eighth, recovered his former posture;
On the Ninth, fell a-stretching;
On the Tenth, about midnight, awoke;
On the Eleventh, in the morning, called for a little small beer.

Addison remarks that this was a very natural picture of the life of many an honest English gentleman.

The Family Pew, after some years' peace and quietness, has again found its way into the law-courts. It is an institution doomed to extinction, like the native races in lands that have attracted Europeans; and, like them, it dies hard. Of course, open sittings are a far better arrangement, considering the object in view, but they are not nearly so comfortable. My memory reverts to a fine old pew in an old Berkshire church, belonging to a fine old English gentleman all of the olden time. It was like a huge box in an old-fashioned coffee-room, and was very snug and warm; it had red curtains, which at pleasure—that is, if the Squire was inclined for a nap—effectually concealed its inmates from the vulgar view, and even shut out the parson, notwithstanding his elevated position. There was a fireplace in it, and it was my task in winter, as the youngest tenant, to feed the flame, which had to be done with the care and delicacy of a vestal virgin. If a coal dropped the Squire would awake sometimes with an observation that was not in the responses. From an ecclesiastical point of view, no doubt, the whole affair was to be deplored, but I must say that the pew was extremely comfortable. Nobody, of course, ever laughed in a pew, but I have known one that was sometimes irradiated by a smile. It was occupied by a family with charming daughters, who made a sunshine in the sacred place. One autumn they went to the seaside, and were greatly missed by the congregation; on their return their papa was more surprised than flattered by a contemporary remarking to him, "We are delighted to see you all back again—yours is such a merry pew!"

It cannot be expected that cyclists should be as polite as carriage people, but some of them have rather rough manners, perhaps inseparable from rude health. The other day a friend of mine, a devotee of the wheel, was witness to a collision between a lady and gentleman, cyclists, ahead of him. The former got the worst of it, and, indeed, was knocked over, while the other wheeled away as though nothing had happened. My friend came up hat in hand, and assisted her to rise and remount. "Now I am off after that fellow," he said, "to get his name and address." "It's not a bit of good," she quietly replied, "he's my husband!"

The punishment for foul language adopted in a Norfolk school of washing out the offender's mouth with soap has novelty as well as symbolism to recommend it. In "The Hunting of the Snark," if I remember right, "they tried him with smiles and with soap," but in the case in question the smiles were probably dispensed with. In London soap in the mouth is as necessary to one class of street beggar as rouge to a *passé* beauty, and gives an excellent imitation of fits: doubtless, if only metaphorically, it gives the Norfolk schoolboys fits. I remember seeing an old gentleman in the lavatory at a club putting soap into his mouth, after which he murmured, "Thank Heaven, it's all right!" I inquired very delicately (because I thought he was mad) why on earth he did it. "Well," he said, "I've had such an infernal cold for the last week that it has taken away my taste; every day I've tried whether I can taste the soap. To-day I can, so I shall not go home, but dine at the club." And I noticed afterwards that he did so, rather expensively and with great gusto, like a man who has not enjoyed dainty dishes for some time. If this punishment "catches on" at our schools we shall have still more soap advertisements: "Moral soap, peculiarly adapted for the discouragement of bad language. When once tasted will not easily be forgotten. Soft soap, but without flattery. Melts in the mouth."

The idea of expelling a lad from school on account of the calling of his father has become so obsolete that its occurrence the other day had quite the sense of novelty. I remember, however, a case that made a great sensation at the time, and was taken up, with his usual vigour and vehemence, by Charles Dickens. Under the heading (I think) of "So Very Particular," he had a scathing notice in *Household Words* of the master of a school at some fashionable watering-place who had sent away a son of Mr. Alfred Wigan from his establishment because he had discovered him to be an actor. He must have been an exceptionally ignorant school-master, because Wigan was at that time at the head of his profession; he was not only an admirable actor, but a most agreeable and accomplished man, and, unfortunately for the pedagogue, an intimate friend of the great novelist. In these days, when the stage occupies a social position on a level, as regards at least its prominent members, with the other professions, the expulsion of a youth from school for such a reason seems ludicrous to the last degree, and it certainly lost nothing of its absurdity by Dickens' treatment of it. What must have made it strange, even at that time, was the fact that Kean the younger had been at Eton, a very fashionable seminary for young gentlemen. In the recent case the objection was not nearly so absurd, though the notion of a "bookmaker" being disqualified for giving his son a liberal education may well arouse the indignation of the literary profession, some of whom have the same designation. In "Great Expectations," Pip's guardian is a convict, and no embarrassing interrogations are put by that most respectable instructor of youth, Mr. Mathew Pocket. It is probable, however, if the pupils had discovered the fact, that Pip would not have found his

position at his tutor's a bed of roses. Even up to this date, if a boy's father is anything out of the common way—or, rather, very much in it—his contemporaries are still, I am sorry to hear, in the habit of making it an excuse for epigram for which it is difficult for him to find a repartee.

The Bishop of London in his address to the University Extension Society, "The Study of a Country," has given an interesting variation to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's question, "What do they know of England who only England know?" He recommends travelling abroad, not because it enlarges the mind—which it often fails to do; indeed, some minds are "like copper wire, which gets the narrower by going further"—but because it teaches one by comparison to appreciate home beauties. The country that first opened the Bishop's eyes, he said, to the charms of England was Russia, the monotonous flats of which are in such contrast to our hills and dales. His Lordship might have mentioned other reasons why we are most of us well content to come home after foreign travel. It is like dining with a crowned head: something to boast about, but which is not desirable, as regards comfort, for a permanency. It is curious how the passion for "going abroad" has risen and sunk and risen again among us. At one time to "make the Grand Tour" was a part of the education of our aristocracy. The middle classes presently imitated them in a small way, but not having the means to travel luxuriously, and no facilities to speak of being at that time afforded them, the visiting "foreign parts," as they were called, was by no means so popular as it has since become. "Good Heavens!" says Addison, "even the little children in France speak French," and this was a circumstance that interfered with the British tourist for more than one generation. One of our poets has pathetically described his difficulties—

Never go to France,
Unless you know the lingo;
If you do, like me,
You will repent, by Jingo!
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy!

"Moo!" I cried for milk;
I got my sweet things snugger—
When I kissed Jeanette,
'Twas understood for sugar.
If I wanted bread,
My jaws I set a-going,
And asked for new-laid eggs
By clapping hands and crowing!

Now every Englishman knows a little French, and though he has no courier, travels with his Cook, who fulfills similar duties.

It is a venturesome experiment, even for the most well-equipped story-teller, to attempt in one volume the *Frivolous*, the *Sentimental*, the *Curious*, and the *Probable*; for it is given to few writers to run through "every mode of the lyre and be master of all." Yet no less than this has been undertaken by the authoress of "Belinda's Beaux," and it is not surprising that in some of them she should have succeeded, and in others should have—well, been not so successful. In "Frivolities," as she terms one set of stories, she has perhaps been happiest. Her account of the two engaged young ladies who drive the three legal brethren from their hotel from sheer terror of their charms, is delightful. In "Sentimentalities," "His First Patient" is a very touching case, if a little too good to be true; but when we get to "Curiosities" one is inclined to be more critical. "The Wolf and the Stork" is, however, a very striking story; it might well be called "a lesson to mothers," so terrible a warning is it to those who would hurry their daughters into matrimony with men of whom they know nothing, except that they are "eligible" as respects their position in life. The fact of Mr. Carvill's being a golf-player may enlist some people's sympathy for him just at first, but hardly to the sequel. He is, in fact, a homicidal maniac. Many a flirtation has, no doubt, taken place on a golf-links, but never with so tragic a termination. The girl's rescuers—for she is rescued, one is glad to say—as they creep up to the ill-matched pair find Carvill standing over her, sharpening a murderous-looking knife upon a razor-strop—

"You took my golf-ball [he is saying]; you are so confounded greedy." She stretched two trembling palms to him, palms pink and impotent as flowers.

"I am not greedy," she appealed. "Really, Mr. Carvill, I am not. I only thought you might not mind me having that golf-ball. You have so many. And I didn't really expect you to give me the gloves—not if you don't want to. You're wrong if you think I am greedy."

He stuffed his fingers into his ears.

"I am not listening. I cannot hear a word you say," he said. He shuffled with his feet and hummed. "I'm not going to be talked out of it. I only wish there was edge enough on this confounded blade, and you'd see how little effect your talking has."

The poor little creature—she is very young—murmurs, "It will spoil my new flock—let me take it off!" Whereupon the mad wretch, with some touch of human feeling, and murmuring, "A chap can't be a beastly cad!" modestly withdraws for a few yards behind a bank, and is captured. It is a dramatic scene enough, but in her "tales of terror," as they may well be called, our authoress is too much inclined to the gruesome. In humour, on the other hand, she has few equals, even among the sex which is supposed to have the monopoly of it.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.

The Sultan has declared war against Greece, and there has been desperate fighting on the frontier. The Porte accuses Greece of aggression, resting its case on the incursions of the Greek irregulars, for which the Athens Cabinet disclaims all responsibility. The Greeks have succeeded in manoeuvring their enemy into a declaration of war, and it may be noted that Turkey does not treat the Greek invasion of Crete as a *casus belli*. But war became inevitable as soon as it was clear that the Powers could not agree to any measures which would ensure the pacification of Crete. Diplomacy sank into inaction, and, afraid to carry out the threatened blockade of the Greek ports, the Powers seem to have decided to let Greece and Turkey fight it out. At Berlin, at all events, there is an undisguised hope that the Greeks will be crushed, and that Europe will then have no further trouble with the pestilent Cretans who will not accept "autonomy." The boast that the Concert has kept the peace is now a little stale, seeing that everything the Powers have done, and left undone, has headed straight for war. It is true that the temper of the Greeks has been almost uncontrollable for many weeks past. Few people in this country yet realise the spirit of this little nation. It was assumed that the Greek game was mere "bluff," and that the immediate danger of war would bring King George and his subjects to their senses. The fact is that, driven to bay by the injustice of Europe, the Greeks had resolved to fight at any hazard, with no anticipation of victory over so powerful a foe, but with a determination to perish, if need be, sword in hand. The Greek officers who went to the front took a last farewell of their families. They neither expected nor desired to return. One officer who was ill was sent back to Athens with despatches, his commander thinking this a good pretext for getting him off the active list. He reached Athens late in the afternoon, delivered his despatches, saw his family once more, and set off for the front again the same night. A grotesque statement has been made by the Turks that the Greek troops in the Milouna Pass were drunk during the protracted struggle, because they were seen to take refreshment at frequent intervals. Men who had been fighting for many hours without sleep would probably take refreshment when they could get it. The Turk, though brave enough, is not chivalrous, and the attempt to explain the ferocity of the Greek resistance by the hypothesis of drink is merely discreditable to the inventors of the tale. The truth is the Greeks are fighting with all the spirit of their ancestors, and this has been handsomely recognised by English critics who do not love them nor their cause.

The operations on the frontier have been conducted with varying fortune. Marshal Edhem Pasha has struck a blow at the Greek centre by forcing the Milouna Pass. Here the Greeks are said to have had no artillery, which is not surprising, as the pass is so steep that the road is almost impossible for horses. The Turks have had the advantage of heavy artillery, which made the position of the Greeks on the summit of the pass untenable, but it is admitted that the defence was most obstinate all last Sunday, though the Greeks appear to have lost heart on the following day. The object of Edhem Pasha is to command the road to Larissa, the headquarters of the Crown Prince; but the Greeks claim that their strongest line of defence lies between Larissa and Milouna, and that the Turkish success in the pass is far from being decisive. The Turks have, however, taken Tyrravos, the strongest position between Larissa and the frontier. The Turks have suffered repulse at Reveni and other points on the western frontier, and it is on the cards that Edhem may find himself outflanked before he reaches Larissa. A Greek division is marching on Janina, which by the Treaty of Berlin was given to the Greeks, and taken away again by German "arbitration." Gritzvali, from which the Greeks were driven, has been recaptured. Prevesa, on the Gulf of Arta, is bombarded by the Greek ships, and threatened by a land force which the garrison is not expected to resist. As we go to press, however, the latest telegrams from this point are very contradictory. Greek accounts, indeed, state that the Turkish forts commanding the Gulf of Arta have been practically destroyed, but statements from Turkish sources declare that the Greeks have been repulsed in this quarter. That there has been a good deal of fighting around Arta and elsewhere on the western frontier is all that is clearly understood at present. All these points in the situation are obviously transitory, and if the Greeks cannot check the advance of Edhem Pasha, his superiority of numbers may force the Crown Prince to retreat. The Powers meanwhile show no disposition to allow Crete to become part of the theatre of war. Their argument is that the island was handed over to them by the Sultan, a contention which does not appear to be recognised by recent utterances of the Porte, and that they alone are responsible for order. On the other hand, it is argued that Crete is part of the Ottoman Empire, and that the Greeks, when at war with Turkey, have as much right to strike on Crete as to invade Turkish territory elsewhere, and that the Powers are violating obligations of neutrals. This is the view of a good many jurists, but jurists cannot expect to be heeded at Berlin and St. Petersburg.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE. Our Special Artist, Mr. Seppings Wright, sends us the following account of an audience granted to him by the Crown Prince of Greece at Larissa—

"I have had the honour of an interview with the Crown Prince, of whom I am sending a sketch drawn from life. The audience that he was graciously pleased to give me

took place in the hall of the house at present occupied by his Royal Highness and his staff. The first day I called, in company with Captain Negroponté, aide-de-camp to the Prince, I saw only the Crown Prince's brother, who also was very gracious, but does not speak English so well as his brother. The aide-de-camp had, therefore, to interpret between us. Our conversation was merely commonplace, politics, of course, being avoided.

"After a few minutes the Prince rose, shook hands with me, and went through a private door at the farther end of the big hall to inform his brother, the Crown Prince, of the object of my visit. As was only natural in the midst of such excitement and pressure of business, Prince Constantine could not see me just then, but made an appointment for half-past eleven the following morning.

"At the stroke of the clock I presented myself, with my sketching materials, at the palace; and a moment later a fine, tall, soldierly looking man came towards me from the private door. It needed no mark of distinction on his uniform to tell me that I was in the presence of a Prince, for his gracious manner and noble bearing mark Prince Constantine out as a born leader of men.

"Let me try to describe his appearance. He is quite six feet high, with a splendid athletic figure, and looks a veritable picture of health and manly beauty. He was wearing the undress uniform of the army, the loose-fitting tunic of which, slightly gathered at the back, showed

years ago. The mountain torrent which the bridge spans was until recent years allowed to wander at its own furious will over a large tract of country, flooding house and road, and converting a great portion of the land into an unhealthy swamp. The usual Turkish pavement, with its large, clumsy, irregular blocks of stone, also reminds one of the former inhabitants. The contrast which the Greek has effected is something marvellous. A handsome well-built town is being rapidly developed; the roads are good, and the pavements have a kerb of dressed marble. The torrent is checked by a strong embankment likewise of dressed stone, and a pier is nearly completed.

"Popular enthusiasm runs high here. Patriotic sacrifices are made daily; money is freely given; the horses are joyfully sent to the army; and everyone speaks of the impending conflict with hope. 'If we are beaten,' they say, 'we have still our honour.' Crowds of country people wait at the station to learn the news. They stand about among the rails eagerly discussing politics. From the general good temper displayed, they all seem pretty much of one mind, for I have not heard a heated argument or angry word spoken yet."

WITH COLONEL VASSOS IN CRETE.

In writing of his visit to the camp of Colonel Vassos in Crete, from which the eyes of Europe have been diverted to the Græco-Turkish frontier, our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, thus describes the scene reproduced in his sketch: "I was much struck not only by the simple, polite, yet firm manner of Colonel Vassos, but by the way in which the prisoners and wounded from the fight at Malaxa were treated. Everything that in a camp of the kind could be done for the comfort of the wounded was carefully arranged, and prisoners and wounded alike explained to me that they were perfectly happy. To my interpreter many of them said they did not wish to return to Canea, but would prefer to go to Greece, for the Greek army gave them the best of food and medicine and attendance. Nevertheless, it was sad to see, wounded and imprisoned, these men, who fought to defend their blockhouse under orders to do so, though they had *not* been paid for fourteen months, and had neither food nor clothes."

THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ.

The daily programme of the Queen's sojourn in the Riviera has during the past week been much the same as before, save that the increasingly warm weather of advancing spring has led her Majesty to spend more and more time in the open air. Drives to Tourettes, Drap, Mont Boron, and other places in the neighbourhood of Cimiez have occupied the Queen's afternoons, and five-o'clock tea at some pleasant spot by the roadside, such as is shown in one of our Artist's drawings this week, has become something of an institution. Afternoon tea is not the only meal of which the Queen partakes in the open air, for on more than one day lately her Majesty has both breakfasted and lunched out of doors in her private gardens. Among the guests whom the Queen has entertained at luncheon or dinner have been the Duke of Saxe-Goburg-Gotha, Lord and Lady Glenesk, Sir Richard and Lady Poore, Sir James and Lady Harris, M. and Madame Cazalet, and Lord Rowton, and on Monday last her Majesty received Lord Salisbury, with whom she had a long conference. Among our Special Artist's illustrations this week will be found one of the Queen's recent visit to the Prince of Wales on board his yacht *Britannia* in the harbour of Nice, and another representing the private chapel arranged for the royal use in the Excelsior Regina Hotel. In this chapel the Queen attended divine service on Good Friday and Easter Day. The Rev. J. Langford, chaplain of the English church at Nice, officiated, and on Easter Day Sir Arthur Sullivan played the organ.

IN AND AROUND BRUSSELS.

The great Exhibition at Brussels, which has at last reached the stage of public inauguration, will doubtless draw many thousands of sightseers to the Belgian capital during the next few months over and above the usual throng of travellers that yearly visit that delightful city. For this week's opening ceremony more than sixteen thousand official invitations were issued, and foreigners from all countries have augmented the veritable army of Belgians now assembled in Brussels. British residents and visitors have taken a pardonable pride in the fact that the British section of the Exhibition was the first to attain completion, in spite of the extensive nature of its display. Various other portions of the Exhibition have still to receive the finishing touch, but it was not deemed advisable to postpone the opening ceremony. In view of the interest attaching to the Exhibition, we publish to-day a number of sketches of the picturesque beauties of the Belgian capital, which seems likely to "gather her beauty and her chivalry" this year in brilliant fashion; though, happily, with no such sombre background to her gaiety as when Byron described her festival aspect. The famous Hôtel de Ville, which dominates our Artist's page as it dominates the city in reality, is one of the most beautiful Gothic structures in the Low Countries. The quaint old houses in the Grande Place, here depicted, have in their time beheld many a splendid pageant and not a few dark scenes from history, for in the square before them were held the great tournaments of ancient days, and here some of the savage Duke of Alva's victims met their death—notably, the Counts of Egmont and Horn. But more interesting for Englishmen than all the architectural beauties of Brussels are the landmarks and associations of the neighbouring battlefield of Waterloo, where to-day "Ardennes waves her green leaves . . . over the unreturning brave."

SCENES AT VOLO.

In describing his sketches at Volo, Mr. Seppings Wright says: "Two of my sketches illustrate the remains of the Turkish occupation which are to be seen at every turn in the town. The houses are clumsily built and tiled with the ordinary corrugated pantile. The curious little balcony room in my first sketch was, I suppose, frequented by the ladies of the harem. The pillar is really the remnant of a minaret. There are a great many of the kind here. The bridge is also Turkish, and is only wide enough for passengers on horseback or on foot, vehicular traffic not having been introduced up to fourteen



CAPTAIN NEGROPONTE, AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE.

Sketched from life by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, in the Palace Occupied by the Crown Prince and his Staff at Larissa.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: SCENES IN CRETE.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



THE MIXED FORCE OF THE POWERS ENCAMPED AT BUTSUNARIA TO PROTECT THE WATER-SUPPLY OF CANEA.



IN THE CRETAN INSURGENTS' CAMP AT ALYKIANON: COLONEL VASSOS RECEIVING INFORMATION FROM HIS STAFF AND FROM INSURGENT LEADERS.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: SCENES AT VOLO, THESSALY.

From Sketches made on the Spot by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen went on Tuesday to visit the Empress Eugénie at Cap Martin. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha left Nice on April 15. Lord Salisbury had an interview with the Queen on Monday. The Queen's departure is fixed for April 28, to arrive at Windsor on Friday evening next.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Cambridge attended the West Norfolk Hunt Steeple-chases on Easter Monday.

Good Friday and Easter Sunday were observed with special services of religious worship at the different churches and chapels in London.

Four new cruisers, the *Venus*, *Diana*, *Isis*, and *Dido*, constructed for the Admiralty, at a cost of one million sterling, by two shipbuilding companies on the Clyde, are now ready to be added to the Reserve Fleet of the British Navy.

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars was opened at the Brighton Pavilion on Monday by Brother Grand Councillor Dimbleby, the President; and the Grand Chief Templar, Brother Malins, presented a satisfactory report, showing that there are 105,869 members and two hundred lodges, including those in the Colonies and India. The Mayor of Brighton, Alderman G. Blacker, with Aldermen Lowther and Martin, gave them a hearty welcome. A hundred Good Templar cyclists rode in procession through the streets.

The National Union of Teachers, which held its twenty-eighth Easter meeting on Monday and Tuesday at Swansea, presided over by Mr. C. J. Addiscott, was represented by 1240 delegates, and formed a conference for discussing many questions of elementary education. It was favourably received by the town corporation and the local clergy.

A National Union of Shop Assistants has also been holding its conference at Hull, Mr. W. Johnson, of London, presiding, for the consideration of questions affecting the interests of that class. The general secretary was appointed to attend the Trades Union Congress at Birmingham. The question of demanding a minimum rate of wages has been deferred.

The Independent Labour Party in London held its fifth annual conference, with Mr. Keir Hardie as president, at Essex Hall, Strand, on Monday and the following day.

The Easter holiday passenger traffic from London of the principal railway companies between Thursday and Monday exceeded that of last year. There were 121,877 passengers on the Great Eastern lines, nearly 50,000 on the South-Eastern, 40,500 on the Great Western, a very large number, with a thousand bicycles, on the Great Northern, 37,554 excursionists by the London and South-Western, and many in other directions.

An accident happened on Good Friday to the *Ibex*, one of the Channel Islands steam-boats of the Great Western Railway Company, between Guernsey and Jersey. She struck on a rock, got a hole in her side, and was run ashore to save the passengers; these, numbering about three hundred, were safely landed, being carried on the sailors' backs. The vessel was saved next day, but needs some repairs.

Eastbourne had a special Easter Monday entertainment in the Devonshire Park, styled a "Bike Battle of Flowers," which was a grand parade of bicycles with floral decorations, prizes being awarded for the most ingenious and beautiful designs.

An observatory tower is to be erected on Brandon Hill, at Bristol, to commemorate the 400th anniversary of John Cabot's discovery of the North American mainland coast in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The Snowdon mountain railway or tramcar was reopened this week, but passengers were not carried, at first, beyond Clogwyn, a mile from the summit. The trip from Llanberis was performed in less than one hour.

European foreign politicians have been speculating chiefly upon the assumed significance of the German Emperor's visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna, to be followed by the Austrian Emperor's visit to St. Petersburg on April 27, and possibly by conferences with the Czar upon the state of affairs between Turkey and Greece.

The President of the French Republic and the Minister of Foreign Affairs having both left Paris for the Easter holidays, there is no important sign of the immediate intentions of their Government.

Italy has sent additional troops to Crete, for the purpose of keeping its contingent of forces there, to maintain order at the seaport towns, equal to those supplied by the other Powers, while its Admiral is permitted to withdraw the marines landed from the naval squadron.

Crete remains in the same equivocal and uneasy situation, but the Turkish soldiers on guard at Akrotiri, the hill above the town of Canea, have been removed, and

their place is taken by mixed detachments of British, French, Austrian, and Italian soldiers. Fort Izzedin, and the small rock-islet of Suda, at the entrance to Suda Bay, have been placed under the safeguard of the Great Powers. A Turkish official placard has been posted, requiring all subjects of the kingdom of Greece to leave the island within fifteen days.

The Archbishop of York has visited Moscow, where he has been received with ceremonious courtesies by the Russian high ecclesiastical functionaries, the Metropolitan and the Archimandrites, and by the Grand Duke and Duchess Sergius, members of the imperial family of Russia.

The Pope held a Consistory at the Vatican on Monday, and created four new Cardinals, three of whom are French prelates—namely, the Archbishops of Lyons, Rouen, and Rennes.

The British Channel Squadron has left the Balearic Isles for Gibraltar, and is about to return to the English shores. Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief, has been at Gibraltar engaged in a military inspection of the garrison.

A detachment of the British naval squadron at the Cape has been sent round to Port Natal, giving occasion to fresh rumours of the purchase, by our Government, of a station at Delagoa Bay; such rumours, however, were very recently denied by the Portuguese Government as well as by our Foreign Office, and seem to deserve no serious consideration.

Another disaster to the Italian operations in East Africa is said to have taken place by a conflict with the Abyssinian force stationed at Baro, which Major Botego attempted to pass without waiting for due permission, being on his march from Juba to the Upper Nile. The

THE EASTER MANOEUVRES.

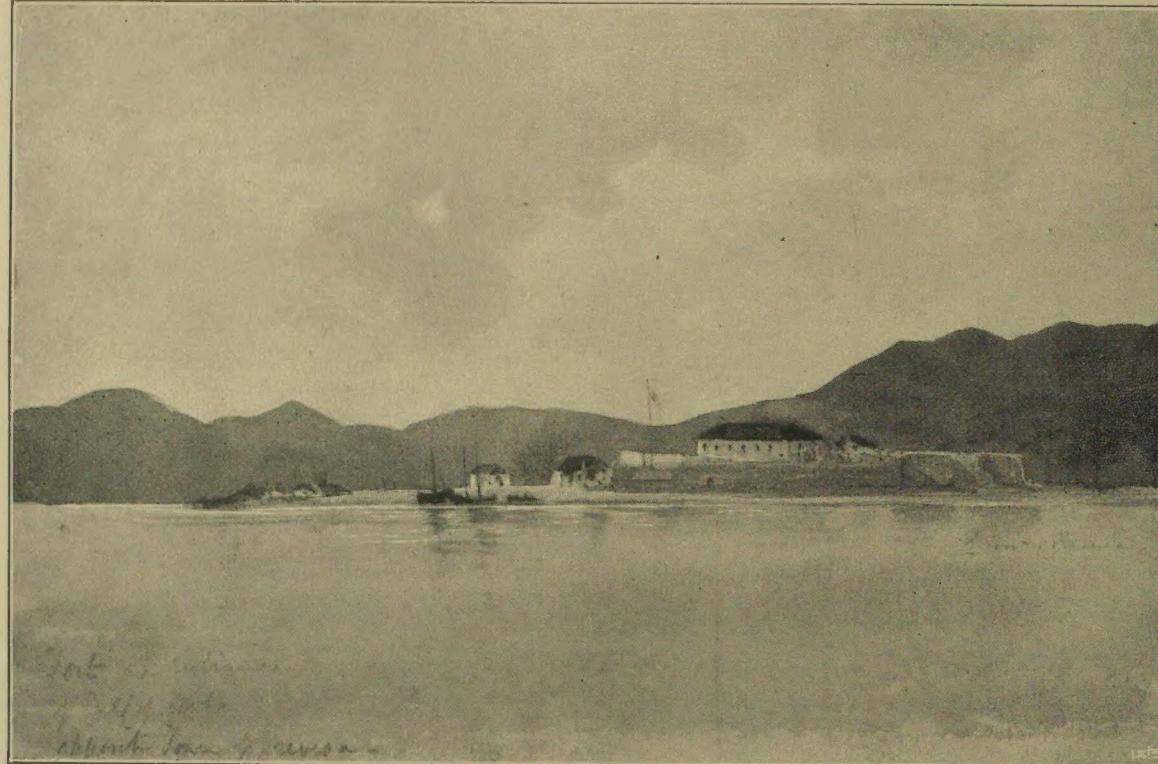
Our citizen-soldiers—or "nation in arms," as the Germans would call them—have still a deal to do to bring them into line with their comrades of the regular army in respect of drill, discipline, and general efficiency. But it cannot be denied that in recent years they have been making positive leaps and bounds forward, not only on account of the better encouragement and support which are now extended to them from official quarters, but also by reason of what may be called the superior spirit of self-education which is moving the men themselves. The greatest source of weakness with which the force still has to contend is its lack of properly trained officers; and it must be owned that if the latter were but half as efficient in their own particular way as the men are in theirs, our Volunteer army would be as different from what it is today as it now is from what it was a quarter of a century ago. Since the creation of the force—in great measure owing to the support which the idea received from the Queen herself and the Prince Consort—the war-like spirit has been strongly stirring the nations; and England too has been infected by this spirit, though not to the extent of yielding to the advice of our "friends" abroad, who would fain see us sharing their enormous military burdens by adopting their system of conscription. With us this has taken the form—not of enforced, but of voluntary conscription, and for purely defensive purposes there can be no question that this is quite sufficient for our insular needs.

While not blind to the shortcomings of the Volunteers, Lord Wolseley himself is a great believer in their latent possibilities, and he has set himself to raise their efficiency in various respects. Above all things, they have been armed, like the regulars, with the Lee-Metford magazine rifle, or at least a beginning has been made with the Home District, and the rest will follow; while in respect of grants and equipment their prospects have also been considerably improved.

The Eastertide manœuvres are no longer the popular picnic which they formerly were. They have become much less panoramic, and partake much less of the Astley Circus sham fights. Not simply to blaze away powder do our Volunteers now go out; not to paint picturesque battlepieces with huge splashes from a black and white brush, but to learn and practise the details of their art. It is for this reason that Easter now brings with it no such colossal massing of our citizen soldiers as used to take place at Brighton and other places, because it was found that these mass-migrations to the seaside invariably lapsed into mere elements of show and make-believe, when the men behaved like the mere supernumeraries of a grand spectacular and sensational drama. The craft of the soldier could not be learned in that way—far from it; but now it is thought sufficient if a mere brigade musters at any particular place, and devotes itself—not to panoramic display, but to shooting, camp duty, outpost service, battalion drill, fire-discipline, signalling, cycling, and all

the other details of the soldier's profession. The last day of the outing, it is true, is still given over to an Easter Monday sham fight; but even this drop-curtain scene is no longer played in the slap-dash, blood-and-slaughter style of the bad old Astley Circus days. Thus, instead of now holding their Easter muster in one place, our metropolitan corps break up into brigades and even battalions, and betake themselves to different localities—such as Folkestone, Dover, Winchester, Walmer, Chatham, Windsor, and Sheerness. But Folkestone-Shorncliffe has been the chief rendezvous, both this and last year, of the strongest of all our Home District brigades—called of South London; and this muster-ground has the advantage of being always able to offer a stiffening of regulars. But even here there is not elbow-room enough for manœuvring purposes, and the vexatious restrictions which are imposed upon their movements render their Kriegspiel little more than a mere farce.

But in spite of these and other drawbacks—weather included—the battalions which trysted at Folkestone-Shorncliffe showed a decided advance in some respects on last year, particularly in route-marching and outpost duty; and indeed, one was forced to the conclusion that there are some line battalions which could afford to give no points whatever to such eager, intelligent, and efficient corps as the Artists, the Civil Service, the Queen's Westminster, and above all the London Scottish, whose camp—they were the only corps that went under canvas—was a perfect model in every respect of what such a thing should be, as was admitted by the Russian Military Attaché, Colonel Yermoloff, who was the guest of Colonel Eustace Balfour, commanding the kilted men in hidden grey. It is, indeed, a sign of the growing interest which other nations are beginning to take in our citizen army that a man like Colonel Yermoloff thinks it worth while to watch its Easter manœuvres. But as the Volunteers have lived down derision at home, so they are also beginning to excite something like a serious interest abroad.



FORT AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE GULF OF ARTA OR AMBRACIA, OPPOSITE THE TOWN OF PREVEZA.

FROM A SKETCH SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN ROSE.

On April 18 the Turkish batteries at Prevesa opened fire upon the Greek merchant-ship "Macedonia" as she was leaving the Gulf of Arta, and all but sank her. The Greek Fleet retaliated, at the command of its Government, by bombarding Prevesa. The reports as to the result are still contradictory, Turkish accounts stating that the Greeks have achieved nothing, while Greek telegrams declare that the forts at the entrance to the Gulf have been practically destroyed.

story is that all the Italians were killed except two, but this may be an exaggeration.

It is reported that a French officer, Lieutenant Bretonnet, in the region of the Middle Niger, has proceeded from Illo to the south-east, along that river, with a sufficient escort, to take possession of Boussa, and possibly of some other points not within the territory occupied by the British Royal Niger Company.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes has arrived at his home at Capetown, and his friends are preparing a public demonstration to do him honour. The appointment of Dr. Leyds, who was Secretary of State to the Transvaal Government, to be the Political Agent of that Government in Europe, has naturally aroused some attention in Germany and in France. In the meantime some of the prominent members of the Uitlander community at Johannesburg seem to be turning their attention rather to practical business questions, to obtain from the Transvaal Government a reduction of import tariff duties, of the railway freight charges for coal, and of the price of dynamite, which is a monopoly, than to altering the political constitution of the Republic. President Kruger is thought not indisposed to grant such concessions.

Preparations are being made by the Anglo-Egyptian military forces on the Upper Nile for an intended further advance, in July, when the river will become navigable for steamers above the fourth cataract, from Dongola to Abu Hamid. A dozen light gun-boats, of iron, in sections which can be separately carried overland, are now under construction in England; these will be employed on the river above Abu Hamid to Berber. The railway to be laid across the desert from Wady Halfa to Abu Hamid is also being rapidly advanced. This railway will be two hundred miles long, of which the first thirty miles, due south of Wady Halfa, is completed. The military force at present in the province of Dongola numbers over 12,000 men, and is assisted by five gun-boats.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Gladstone must be amused to find himself described as "no gentleman." In a letter to a Macedonian chief he expressed his belief in the right of Macedonia to be independent, and he hinted incidentally that this did not meet the approval of the "two young despots" of Berlin and St. Petersburg. To call a ruler a despot is, it seems, a gross violation of good manners. So says the *St. James's Gazette*, which aforetime has applied much more vigorous diction to the personal characteristics of Czars and Emperors.

It appears that there is a real Trooper or ex-Trooper Halkett in South Africa, who complains that many people have asked him whether Mr. Halkett's opinions in Olive Schreiner's story are his. They are not, and he asserts his own views with no lack of vigour. It is the old story of the people who complain that the novelist makes free with their names. Ex-Trooper Halkett is evidently convinced that Olive Schreiner has done him a gross injustice, and he is probably taking legal opinion as to the assertion of his rights. Some day the Legislature will step in and compel romancers to confine themselves to such names as Smith and Jones, which have such a multitude of owners that nobody can plead "moral and intellectual damage."

Mr. Edward Ridley, Q.C., who has been appointed to the judgeship rendered vacant by the retirement of Mr.

Justice Charles, is a younger brother of Sir Matthew Whitley Ridley, the Home Secretary. Born fifty-four years ago, he was educated at Harrow and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and after taking first-class honours in classics was elected to a fellowship at All Souls. In classical scholarship

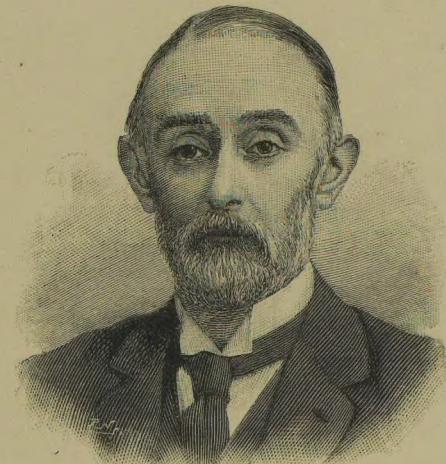


Photo Thomson, Grosvenor Street.
MR. EDWARD RIDLEY, Q.C.,
The New Judge.

he certainly maintains to an exceptional degree the tradition which has long yoked judicial with literary distinction, for throughout a busy legal life he has preserved his zeal for classical study, and so recently as last year published a notable verse translation of Lucan. Mr. Ridley was called to the Bar in 1868, and for the last eleven years has acted as an Official Referee of the Supreme Court of Judicature. He sat in the House of Commons for two years from 1878 as Conservative member for South Northumberland, having been returned by a majority of a single vote. He was made a Q.C. five years ago. His wife, who was a Miss Bromley-Davenport, is the author of "The Story of Aline," a novel which met with a very favourable reception last autumn.

There is a vacancy in the Crewe division owing to the retirement of the Hon. R. Ward. The Unionist majority at the General Election was rather more than 500. In previous contests the seat was held by a Liberal with large majorities. The bye-election will turn largely on the policy of the Concert of Europe, but the local considerations will play an important part in a constituency full of railway men.

The commander of the Imperial Guard, which forms the First Army Corps, is Reouf Pasha, who has already

borne his part in the first actions of the war so worthily of his rank that even those least disposed to wish for a Turkish victory will hope that he will obtain his due reward.

The grandson of the Comte de Neipperg is said to be incensed by "Madame Sans-Gêne," because that play repre-

Captain Granville Egerton, of the Seaforth Highlanders, who is in command of one of the detachments of British troops now in Crete, has seen some years of active service. He received his commission in 1879, and proceeded at once to Afghanistan, where he was seriously wounded before the year was out in the operations around Cabul. He subsequently took part in the advance on Candahar, and distinguished himself in the battle there fought. In the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 he was Adjutant to the 1st Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders, and took part in the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir.



Photo West and Son, Gosport.
CAPTAIN GRANVILLE EGERTON.

Who is "Gracchus" of the *Times*? In a letter, printed in the boldest type, he suggests that we should commemorate the Diamond Jubilee by "a national petition" to the Prince of Wales urging him to decree the abolition of the chimney-pot hat. "Gracchus" is worthy of his name, for a more revolutionary proposal has not been made since Caius and Tiberius Gracchus scandalised the respectable citizens of Rome. Like all anarchists, the correspondent of the *Times* does not tell us what is to take the place of the venerable institution he seeks to destroy. What would succeed the chimney-pot? Are we to wear the "bowler" or the soft felt, or go hatless like the yellow-legged boys of Christ's Hospital? "Gracchus" does not tell us. That is the worst of men who have the desire to overturn society, but are not constructive reformers.

By the death of Nawab Sirdar Afzul Khan the Indian Army has lost one of its most remarkable figures and

Indian chivalry generally one of its brightest ornaments. Throughout the Indian Mutiny Afzul Khan, who was of the blood-royal of Afghanistan, rendered invaluable service to the Government as one of the native commissioned officers. His splendid rescue of Sir George Armstrong—

then a young Lieutenant—against heavy odds outside Delhi, will long be remembered in the annals of the Mutiny. In more recent years he earned the gratitude of the Government and the Companionship of the Star of India by the sound judgment which he displayed in several important diplomatic appointments. He made many friends in this country when he came over with the Prince of Wales.

Colonel Neal, who has for several years held the office of American Consul at Liverpool, is shortly to retire from his post and return to the United States. His many friends in the North of England have testified to the esteem in which they hold him by presenting him with a handsome service of silver.

The civic life of London has lost one of its most notable men by the death of Alderman Sir William Lawrence, who

succumbed to an illness of several months' duration on Easter Day.

Sir William Lawrence was born seventy-nine years ago, and grew up in the midst of the municipal life with which both he and his brother were destined to be so closely associated; his father was

for seven years Alderman of

Bread Street Ward, and at one time Sheriff of London

and Middlesex. He succeeded his father as Alderman of Bread Street Ward in 1853, and three years later in the

office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex, and became Lord Mayor in 1864. In the latter capacity he entertained Garibaldi when the great Italian visited the City. In 1865 he was returned to Parliament as one of the members for the City of London in the Liberal interest, but lost his seat nine years later. He afterwards sat for another five years from 1880. His subsequent life was spent in the fulfilment of various civic functions, and in the practice of much unostentatious charity. As a magistrate he was known for his leniency whenever justice allowed, and his kindly personality will be much missed in various walks of London life. His brother, Sir James Clarke Lawrence, succeeds him as senior Alderman.

It is stated that Mr. Aubrey Beardsley has been "received" into the Church of Rome. This step ought to give a new and interesting turn to Mr. Beardsley's decorative art. A series of mediæval saints from his pencil would make an instructive contrast to certain "posters" in his earlier manner.

The Official Refereeship in the Supreme Court of Judicature, rendered vacant by the elevation of Mr. Edward Ridley to the Bench, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Edmund J. Pollock.

The late Sir Walter de Souza, who died suddenly of heart-disease on April 13, was an active and useful member of

the London

County

Council, and

chairman of

one of its

administra-

tive com-

mittees. He

belonged to a

Portuguese

family, but

was educated

in England,

after which

he entered

the Portugue-

se diplomatic

service, and

held the

office of Con-

sul, or Con-

sul-General,

at Calcutta

from 1870 to

1884. The

honour of Knighthood was conferred upon him by the

Queen on the recommendation of the Indian Government,

and his latter years were spent in London.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.
THE LATE SIR WALTER DE SOUZA.

Sir Everett Millais is a strong champion of the muzzling of dogs, but he says that the order must be ineffectual unless it is extended over the whole kingdom, and especially in Ireland. Ireland is declared by this authority to be one of the chief sources of rabies, and all Irish dogs, we are assured, ought to be placed in quarantine. This, no doubt, will be suitably noticed by the Irish Press, and will afford Mr. Swift MacNeill a reasonable pretext for moving the adjournment of the House after the holidays. Sir Everett Millais says further that there are too many dogs, and that taxation ought to be so adjusted as to restrict the growth of the canine tribe. Unless we are much mistaken, this will be regarded by the fanatical devotees of dogs as a worse outrage than the muzzling order.

The Liberals of St. George's-in-the-East announce their intention of inviting Mr. Harry Lawson, London County Councillor for Whitechapel, to oppose Mr. Marks at the next election. It is understood that Mr. Lawson will agree to the proposal.

Several of the commanding officers of the Turkish army on the Thessalian frontier seem to be men of unquestionable military talents and personal energy, while the Turkish common soldiers have

once more

proved, in the

most recent

conflicts,

their char-

acteristic vir-

tues of patient

fortitude and

obedience,

acknowl-

edged by all

observers of

their conduct

in the wars

of the past

half-century.

Hamdi Pasha, who

commands

the Sixth Army Corps, is reported to have shown remarkable

activity and skill in the engagement of April 17 at Karya,

as described by the correspondent of a London paper.

The Marquis of Waterford certainly has the courage of his convictions, for he has decided to revive the once celebrated Curraghmore Hunt, which was abolished in deference to the unfriendly attitude of the local farmers to such an institution in the day of the Land Leaguers. It will be interesting to see what reception is given to the revival of the pack.

Lord Ranfurly's successor in the dignity of Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen is to be the Earl of Denbigh, who succeeded to his title five years ago on the death of his father, the eighth Earl. The Earl of Denbigh is well known in Society, and though he has retired from the captaincy which he held in the Artillery, he remains much interested in military affairs.



Photo Abdullah Frères.
REOUF PASHA.

sents his grandfather's life as saved by a washerwoman. Such an indignity ought not to be insupportable by grandchildren. It may be suspected that the grandson in this case owes his indignation to the lively fancy of some Continental journalist.

Few institutions have such a pathetic clientele as hospitals for consumption, for the patient in the last stages of that disease remains hopeful of health and ultimate recovery. The hospital at Brompton has done a great deal of excellent work in the past and means to do much more in the future. To this end it proposes to equip itself with a country branch, where the convalescent may go. This year of Jubilee, when the generous instincts of the public are on the outlook for some good work to do, has naturally been seized on as a right moment to appeal for the necessary funds, and there is every prospect of the success of that appeal.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.
THE LATE SIR WILLIAM LAWRENCE.



Photo Abdullah Frères.
HAMDI PASHA.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.



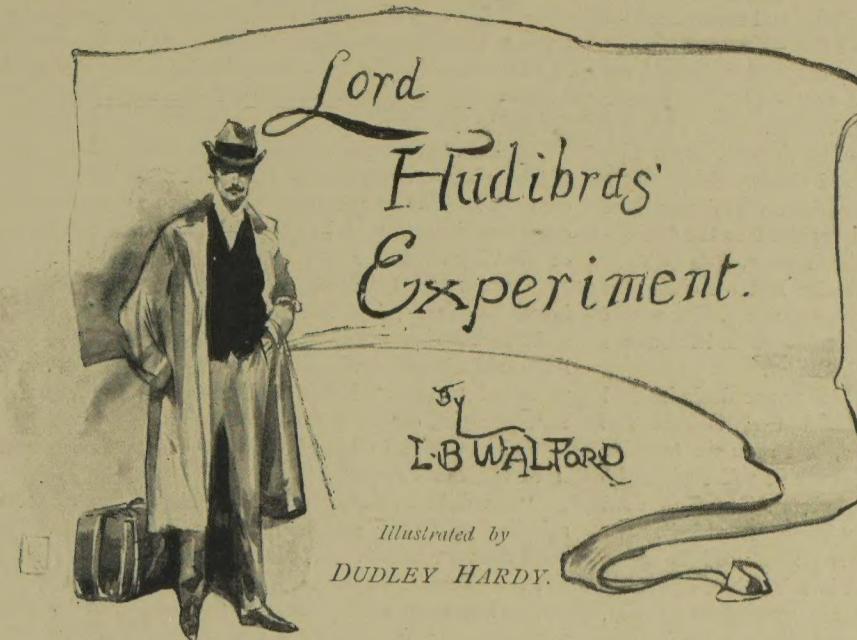
PREVEZA, ON THE GULF OF ARTA, BOMBARDED BY THE GREEKS.

From a Sketch supplied by Captain Rose.



ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS AND THREE GREEK CHIEFS OF ARMATOLES: THE GREEK WITH THE FLAG IS THE CHIEF DIMARCHOS, WHO WAS WOUNDED IN MACEDONIA.

From a Photograph supplied by E. J. M.



"DON'T marry him if you have any dislike to the idea," said Lady Elizabeth, calmly.

Recounting the conversation afterwards—which Nora did faithfully, for she was a truthful girl—she laughed aloud when she came to the words.

"Dislike to the idea!" I do assure you, Dell, that is exactly as she said it. You know my aunt. She knitted away, turning the heel of her stocking, and counting the stitches while I stood boiling by; and oh, dear me! if I had let myself go, there would have been a scene! Luckily, I felt so bad that I just jumped out of the room; and for aught I know she knitted on in peace. But isn't it strange that a woman can—I mean that aunt Elizabeth and I can be of the same flesh and blood—come of the same race—and she can talk of having any 'dislike to the idea,' while I—"

"While you?"

"Dell, do you know what it is to me?"

"Indeed I don't. I wonder if you know yourself. 'Sh, now, don't be silly; you may say something that by-and-by would make you feel—eh?'"

"You are like all the rest of them," burst forth Nora, her shrill treble tones quivering with indignation, "you think because I once did a foolish thing, and paid dearly for it, that I am never to be trusted any more. Can't you see—can't you understand that it is just because—because of that, that the very thought of being engaged again—and so quickly—is horrible to me? Have we not, the whole of us, been humiliated—?"

"Really, my dear! Your eloquence, Nora, your flow of language is—upon my word, it does you credit. If it is extempore, as the preachers say, I must take a back seat henceforth, for I can never hope to—"

"Dell, I did not think you could be so unkind."

It was a warm May morning, and through the open window of the upper room in which the above colloquy took place there came a hum of London thoroughfares, for Lady Elizabeth Strangeways and her niece were established in their town-house for the season, and it was in the very heart of Mayfair.

For some minutes the cousins, each secretly longing to pursue a topic which of late had been all-in-all, nevertheless kept silence, and a rattling of wheels in the street below was distinctly heard to cease, as it were, at their own door.

Dulcibella popped her head over the flower-box, and drew it in again, laughing.

"It is a pretty hansom, Nora, and a nice horse; and a man does look well in uniform. I suppose Lord Hudibras is going to the Levée."

Nora flushed angrily.

"This is my aunt's doing. She must have asked him to lunch here on his way to the palace. It is too bad. Dell, the moment he is fairly upstairs, you and I slip out. We can run round to Gunter's for our luncheon, and if that does not tell him—"

"Nora, Nora, don't be so foolish!" It was with a gesture of real earnestness that Nora's cousin, a girl several years older than herself, now stepped towards her and held out a restraining hand. "Nora, you know you like the man—"

An unfortunate remark. Nora flung aside the hand.

"Only give him—and give yourself—a chance!" pleaded Dulcibella. "He is such a good fellow. Everyone says so. And he is honestly in love with you, and does not care who knows it. But, Nora, if you once refuse him—I know Hudibras; he is one of those modest, humble-minded people, who think themselves all that is stupid and unattractive, who envy and admire cleverness beyond everything—I can tell you how it would be: he would never ask you twice—never. Suppose you repented ever so openly, Hudibras would only fancy you had been worked upon to accept him because of his title and position—"

"How can you say such things? My poor aunt is at least above that meanness."

"She is. But how is he to know it? Oh, Nora, there are such mistakes made every day, especially in this great lying, humbugging, hypocritical London. We none of us dare trust each other. You, for instance, are looking suspiciously at me—your own old Dell—at this very moment. You are suspecting me—"

"If I am not to suspect you, come with me to Gunter's. Dell, I will confess. I shall meet Lord Hudibras to-night at the Leybournes'; and if he speaks then I shall have my answer ready, but I cannot meet him first. To go down now, and eat lamb cutlets—"

"If that is the way of it, we'll forego the lamb cutlets." Her cousin cheerfully withdrew remonstrance. "You are quite sure of meeting to-night? Oh, well! Gunter's then, *avec beaucoup de plaisir*. Nora, you are not trying it on with me?" appended she suddenly.

Nora was feverishly catching up purse and gloves. "No, no; I would not have told you, but"—opening the door—"now hold your skirts together—don't let them rustle, and fly," suiting the action to the word. "There! they may think we may have been gone for hours," whispered she triumphantly, as the two emerged unseen from the front door and skipped up the street. "They will look for us when the gong sounds, but the room will be empty, and no one to peach." And she looked merrily round, while even the more prudent Dulcibella experienced some of the sweets

of success, and, despite a few misgivings which from time to time persisted in making themselves felt, enjoyed her escapade. Gunter's was only a few hundred yards off—to be so near and yet so far was delicious. To be sitting almost within sight of their own door, yet to be as secure from pursuit and recapture as though a thousand miles away, was luck indeed! Had she but been content with such luck! But no! Dulcibella, sagest of counsellors, most trusted of relations, must needs pursue her wisdom. The two were at their own little table, as completely isolated for private discourse as though still within the four walls of Nora Strangeways' bed-room, and, mindful of a certain proverb, she felt or fancied the hot iron, now beginning to cool, would be the better of renewed striking.

"Yes, indeed, aunt Elizabeth, I did my part," confided she, presently. "I drummed it well in. And though Nora was so naughty as to give you the slip for luncheon and carry me off with her, you will see that it was not in vain I went. She will give Hudibras his answer to-night."

For some weeks past all Nora's world had been on tenterhooks as to what that answer would be, and good reason had they for being so. Nora had given them one fright—a fright to last a lifetime. A handsome girl, possessed alike of independent mind and means, she had within a very short time of her introduction to society startled everybody, and vindicated to her own fancy her right to do as she pleased in all matters pertaining to herself, by accepting the proposals of a clever schemer, to whom opportunity for pressing them had been afforded. The cold faces of ex-guardians and the sneers of contemporaries had alone been needed to push the matter to a point. An engagement had taken place, to be rued almost as soon as made.

By what means it was subsequently broken off, and the foolish girl saved from an unequal and, in all probability, an unhappy union, boots not here to say; Nora could never think of the affair afterwards without shame and vexation of spirit; and she had registered a vow to let years and years elapse ere she should ever so much as look at a man again—when, lo and behold! the buds of the self-same spring had scarce blossomed ere appears on the scene a blithe and jolly suitor, who, unconscious of, or undaunted by, all that had gone before, gaily attacks the sore and smarting heart, and heals it in a trice.

"It was shameful," Nora said. She felt herself to be a perfect traitor, a wretch, a creature too despicable to live. If only someone would tell Lord Hudibras to go away and think of her no more! But, naturally, no one did.



"Is this your last word, Nora?"

"Then I must tell him so myself," cried the girl tragically—at which, it must be owned, those who knew Miss Nora Strangeways smiled.

The truth was that it was a tussle between Love and Pride, and everyone expected that Love would win the day.

A great London ball was at its height. Though it was past midnight new arrivals still poured in, blocking the entrance-hall, and opposing the stream which flowed supperwards from the great saloons above.

But the ceaseless throb of music, and flash and glitter of flowing robes upon the polished floors, were alike unseen and unheeded for the moment by a couple entrenched in a dim corner of a curtained balcony, whither

Lord Hudibras had led his partner at the close of their last waltz.

He had brought her there in triumph; but where was the triumph now? He had come to the ball all gaiety and joyous confidence; for, somehow, whatever Nora might say or do, he had an inward conviction which bore him up, which blunted the edge of every petulant speech, softened every frown, and caused him to despise rebuffs. Shall we hint what this talisman was? Hudibras perceived that Nora thought him a simple fellow; he knew that he was, in plain terms, not such a fool as he looked.

Accordingly, he had bided his time, but he meant that time now to end, and to end with *éclat*.

"She gets out of my way whenever she can; she blushes and trembles and shrinks from me when avoidance is impossible; she is in terror of yielding, poor dear proud girl—the very girl for me, with her high spirit and noble nature!" cried the lover in rhapsody. "Don't you think to cheat *me*, Nora. I know you better, a thousand times better, than you know yourself; and as for that rotten rubbish of which you are so ashamed—a mere child's freak!" quoth Hudibras, with glorious contempt.

So that he had come to the ball, as we say, brimful of joyful prognostication, and the morning flight by which Miss Wilful had sought to daunt him, added to this rather than took from it.

Alas!

Let us now return to the ball-room balcony.

A long, uneasy silence had followed a passionate contest. Motionless each sat, with heads averted, eyes fixed on vacancy; and it seemed as though there were now nothing for it but to close the conference and break up the partnership.

At length Hudibras rose—slowly, heavily, with the reluctance of his soul visible in the movement.

"Is this your last word, Nora?"

She bowed her head. It was better than trusting herself to speak.

"I am to understand," said he, quietly, "that you desire me to trouble you no further? That you do not care for me?"—he paused, there was an involuntary movement but no disclaimer—"and that the kindest thing I can do to you and to myself is to meet you no more? Nora, you know I would not give you pain"—emotion made itself audible in the low tone which faltered for a moment but the next went on steadily—"I would not persecute any woman, far less the one I love. I had thought—had fancied—but forgive the presumption. . . . It is past now. . . ." Another pause. Her bosom heaved beneath the shimmering ball-dress, her fingers restlessly clasped and unclasped the jewelled fan upon her lap; but if he hoped for a response, a yielding, ever so slight a sign of sorrow or regret, he was disappointed. Not a word was spoken.

"Good-bye," he said, and held out his hand.

"Good-night," she murmured, breaking the spell at last.

"I cannot leave you here; let me take you back to Lady Elizabeth," proceeded Hudibras, mindful of the conveniences even at such a moment, and he offered his arm, but laid his other hand upon hers as it slid into the place. "One moment," he said softly; "do you understand, Nora, I said 'Good-bye'—not 'Good-night'?"

Still she did not seem to apprehend.

* * * * *

A great ocean-liner was embarking her passengers at Tilbury. The special trains which had brought them down were in, and all was bustle and activity beneath the sunshine of a brilliant morning. We need not enter into the scene. Sufficient to say that, as usual, every traveller or group of travellers had their satellites; that the humblest individual, the poorest emigrant, his *someone* to whom his departure was an event—or that so it seemed, at least, to a solitary figure on the upper deck, who had come on board absolutely alone and unattended, and who, with apparently neither curiosity nor anxiety to be satisfied on his own account, was at leisure to watch with listless eyes the surrounding turmoil.

It hardly seemed to interest him; and yet to outward appearance he followed the groups hither and thither, marked the swarming gangways, the demands upon those in authority, the efforts of the busy, and the blunders of the ignorant. Lord Hudibras would have told you he was entertained by it all. In reality he saw nothing. What the eye took in the mind rejected.

Presently the last bell rang, and the huge vessel began to steal along, towed out of dock. Hudibras took out his watch. Twelve o'clock. At twelve o'clock the night before—yes, he had noticed that it was exactly twelve when, disengaging Nora from among the dancers, he had led her to the curtained balcony, warm and fragrant in the summer night, and, screened from view behind a bower of flowering plants, had seated himself by her side. Why had she let him lead her there? Why had his own heart owned no premonitory thrill of misfortune? Even when all was over, and the fatal word pronounced, he could not be sure that Nora grasped its full intent.

"She will know by now, however," he muttered. He had taken means to ensure her knowing.

Presently he felt tired, drowsy; he had had very little sleep; indeed he had only lain down for a few hours during the night, for there had been a great deal to do and matters to arrange before the hasty exit. In particular, he had been

forced to make a rapid flight to the City, and seek an interview with the courteous manager of the — Line; without which interview departure that day would have been impossible—so that altogether there had been little time for repose, and still less for brooding thoughts.

Insensitive his eyelids now closed of themselves, and he elected to seek a sheltered corner and yield to the promptings of the drowsy god, while the deck was denuded of occupants, nearly all of whom had repaired to the dining-saloon at the summons of the luncheon-gong.

Hudibras was not hungry, and he had an object in eluding the society of his fellow-passengers. It would be, he told himself, well-nigh intolerable should it chance that among these were any whom he knew.

From his point of vantage on the upper deck he had certainly scrutinised every individual that crossed the gangway, and, so far as he knew, had seen no familiar face or figure. He had drawn a breath of relief when the scene was over. Still, "More people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows," cogitated he. "Better not risk it."

Of course he smoked. When does a man need the solace of a good cigar more than when he is miserable, especially when superadded to such misery are sensations of cold, weariness, emptiness of stomach, and distaste for human intercourse? He smoked and slept. Then he got up, shook out his cramped limbs, and went in search of the captain. He knew the captain—had sailed with him before. The two paced the deck briskly for an hour, talking over old times and experiences. After a time he let fall a hint, to which there was an immediate and satisfactory response.

"No. I don't think any of the passengers know you, Lord Hudibras, and there is no reason why they should. Your name is not in the list. I'll tell them to put you next me at dinner, and no card on the plate. But, of course, if you would rather have something brought out to you—"

"No, no; I'll come down. It is no matter if I am known. It was only—never mind. Whereabouts are we now?"

"Off Dungeness; and I expect we shall have to lie to for a bit, as there is fog on ahead, and we may have to anchor here, where it is clear. That will run us late for Plymouth; but you won't mind?"

"Mind? Oh, no; it is no matter."

"I suppose you were feeling the need of a good blow of air," pursued his companion; "the London season must be desperately hard work: for my part, I cannot imagine how people go through with it, and I don't think you look up to the mark, Lord Hudibras, if I may say so?"

"N—no. I daresay I don't."

"Nothing like a good breath of old ocean to set a man up. Cures everything. We have got two or three on board who are going with us all the way for nothing but the trip. Some of them have not put their noses out of their berths yet, but we shall see them as jolly as sandboys before the week is out. It is astonishing how soon they begin to pick up once they get over the first qualmishness, and generally they are all the better for a bout of that."

"I daresay, yes."

"You are rather doubtful on that point?"

"Not at all, since it concerns other people. I'm a fairly good sailor myself."

"You are doubtful of the cure, then?"

Hudibras smiled.

"Of course, it depends upon the complaint," continued the captain, who was in a garrulous mood. "There are maladies that can't be cured by Neptune or anyone else. What is more, between you and me, occasionally he plays the very deuce with folks when these are in question. We have, as I daresay you've heard, on an average, a suicide every other trip. And almost always it's in the fine, calm weather it takes place. On some still evening, when all's as smooth and pleasant as possible, when you'd think life would have something tempting in it for every human being—that's the very hour they choose: no one knows why. But we had our mishap last run, so we ought to be exempt this one."

"Is this that you have been telling me generally known?" said Hudibras in rather a peculiar voice. "Are people—I mean the friends of the unfortunate person—does it ever occur to them beforehand to be anxious? That is to say, are there any signs by which it may be suspected?"

"Not at all. Not in the slightest. The poor fellow who gave us the slip in mid-ocean last trip had been a bit out of sorts when he came on board—crossed in love, some of them thought—but he seemed to be getting over it, and no one supposed it was anything serious. Neither it was, if he hadn't been in a weakly state to begin with. One suicide I knew—"

"There goes the captain talking of his suicides," muttered a passenger as they passed.

But Hudibras drank it all in; and when the promenade was over he went and stood at the farthest end of the vessel alone, looking out to sea.

"I wonder if she is likely to think of such a thing?" murmured he.

* * * * *

It was Sunday evening in Mayfair, and Lady Elizabeth Strangeways always went to church on Sunday evening.

Moreover, she expected her niece to accompany her; but on the present occasion she said, "Don't come, Nora, if you would prefer not," in accents so vividly recalling another speech of the kind that Nora winced even while accepting the permission.

If she would "prefer not!" As before, the mildness of the phrase exasperated her. Had her aunt *no* perceptions? Was it possible that she was taken in by the calm exterior exacted by propriety, and had no suspicion of what lay beneath?

True, Lady Elizabeth had not been by when Nora heard the news; had not seen the flushed cheek blanch and the burning eyes dilate; but Dell, when she left the little bed-chamber wherein poor Nora lay sobbing, had promised to seal her aunt's lips—and that, argued the unhappy girl, ought to have been enough.

It had fallen to Dulcibella's lot to tell her cousin of Lord Hudibras' departure.

"He did not wish you to know till he was gone. He said it would only make you feel uncomfortable. Those were his very words. He is like aunt Elizabeth; he does not use strong language. But, Nora, the people who use strong language are not always those who act. Hudibras is gone, and you are not to be—uncomfortable." And it must be owned that Nora's cousin looked somewhat indignant at the weeping figure on the bed. "It's all very fine to cry and rave," muttered Dulcibella, not so softly but that Nora heard. "She has driven him away, and now it is too late to say she never meant it."

For poor Nora in her agony had discovered the truth, not only to another, but to herself. The last thing she had dreamed of in giving her jaunty lover his dismissal was that he would take her at her word. She had been accustomed to have her word discounted. People said, "It's only Nora. Never mind what she says; she'll come round."

In the present case, what Hudibras ought to have done was to retire discomfited, while she, the impregnable but still adored one, should have had all the glory of showing to the world (consisting of her aunt, cousin, and the relations generally who predicted the match) that Miss Nora Strangeways was a very superior person to what she was usually considered. By-and-by, when this important fact had been established, there might be a further surprise in store—but of that anon—and, accordingly, our young lady had retired from the ill-fated ball-room head in air, anticipating nothing less than the awful disclosure of the following afternoon. Indeed, she had been stepping into the carriage to pass some pleasant hours at a country garden-party when Dell caught her; and Dell, it must be owned, did not mince matters in playing her part of the drama.

"Go to Lady Harford's party. Why not? Mrs. West depends upon you, and it is a lovely afternoon for a drive. Send me in your stead? No, thank you. I have other things to do, and I don't care for country parties. But you will enjoy it, and—why, Nora, what is this? You don't mean to say that because Lord Hudibras—Good gracious! what does it signify to you that Lord Hudibras is off to the Antipodes? You did not expect him to hang on here after—Nora, you *must* go; if you don't, you know what people will say." And Nora had been forced into the carriage, her heart feeling like a stone. Oh, what an afternoon it had been!

But the poor girl had done her best, and only Dell knew what it had cost her; while even Dell seemed to have grown unsympathetic and estranged. She could not see with Nora's eyes; if she did not exactly say so, she showed very plainly that she thought her cousin rightly served. It seemed as though her sole object in calling on the following day, Saturday, was to say so, and even on Sunday morning, when she looked in to luncheon, she was in a gay, sarcastic mood, a mood Nora hated. The poor thing begged to be left alone on Sunday evening, at last. "For pity's sake, get my aunt to hold her tongue about him—never to mention his name—and that is all you can do for me. And, Dell, if you don't mind, go away, and leave me to myself. I had rather be alone."

It was such a new thing for Nora to wish to be alone that Dell—it was too cruel—smiled as she stooped to kiss "Good-bye," and Nora saw the smile.

But she neither saw nor heard something else which Dulcibella did as she departed. There was a back drawing-room in Lady Elizabeth's house.

"Oh—oh—oh!" sobbed Nora.

"Ahem!" said a voice in the back room.

"Who's there?" cried Miss Strangeways, starting upright.

"I am here," said Lord Hudibras, stepping to the front.

And then—oh, if poor Nora had only known how shamefully she was being treated!—she did the very thing the wily Hudibras had calculated upon her doing, emitted one heartrending shriek (whether Dulcibella heard it from below or not history does not say), and threw herself into the arms opened to receive her.

Now it is not absolutely certain that the poor girl was conscious of what she was doing, so that it was perhaps hardly fair to take advantage of so tell-tale a proceeding, *mais que voulez-vous?* All's fair in love and war, they say, and a man who had succeeded in so barefaced a trick was certainly bound to reap its full benefit.

Besides, Nora had played for her own hand, and it did

her all the good in the world to find that two can play at that game. So that if Hudibras did make the most of his triumph, and positively refuse to release his prisoner until he had obtained all he wanted unmistakably and irreversibly, who shall blame him?

Nora, in a whisper, "I thought you had gone for ever. And Dell was so cruel—they were all so cruel—they said it served me right. . . . And, after all, you never really went."

Hudibras, on the broad grin: "But I did—as far as Plymouth."

"As far as Plymouth? I don't understand."

"I reckoned you would not. Oh, I went all right. My man saw me off, and took a note to your cousin, who was to tell you. But instead of taking my ticket for Australia, I got a pass from the company to go as far as Plymouth, and be put ashore there in the tender which takes out the mails. We ought to have got in yesterday, but we were late, so I only landed this morning and took the first train up. See?"

Nora, radiantly: "No, I don't see; but never mind. You did something very mean and deceitful, but wonderfully clever. You *found me out* by it. Hudibras, I never believed you could have been so—that you *could* have got the better of me so! And I don't mind everyone's knowing. It was a great shame, it was very wrong of you—but I *must* tell them. They will be so amazed! Even Dell. Oh, no! Don't say Dell knows already. And *that* was why she smiled? Oh, I should have liked to tell her myself. It was such a deep, artful plot—"

"Just a little bit of an experiment," said Hudibras modestly.

THE END.

CHIT-CHAT OF TRAVEL.

V.—CAMPING IN JERICHO.

When a camping party to Jericho and the Dead Sea was organised during our stay in Jerusalem we were eager to join the company. We had among our number, however, the usual wise man, who knows everything and who acts the part of mentor to the world at large. Our wise man had paid previous visits to Palestine, and being thoroughly acquainted with the route—as it had been a dozen years before!—he proceeded to pour Niagaras upon our enthusiasm. If a fellow-passenger consulted him upon the advisability of taking his wife, he looked at him sternly and inquired: "Sir! are you particularly anxious to make a second marriage?" If a lady asked his advice he breathed forth such tales of malaria, precipices, and Bedouin thieves as froze her blood. Not being particularly anxious to end our days in this tragic manner, we withdrew our names from the list; but here the Sultan himself proved a friend in disguise, for he suddenly requisitioned a number of horses for use in the North of Palestine, and it being impossible to provide sufficient steeds for the party, it was suggested that some should be driven in carriages. We wished to know how this was possible on a path a few feet in width, hanging on the dizzy edge of a precipice, and when we heard that during the last few years a carriage-road had been made winding in and out among the mountains for the whole twenty miles of the route, we discounted all the wise man's information, and the next morning formed part of the gay cavalcade which made its way out of the Damascus gate.

The first part of the road winds over the Mount of Olives, passes Bethany, and descends in sweeping zigzags into the heart of the mountains, until it reaches the Good Samaritan Inn, where we rested and lunched before starting on the second and more difficult half of the journey. The heat was so intense that the occupants of the carriages were thankful to cower beneath the black leather awnings as long as possible, but the road grew ever steeper and wilder, and after narrowly escaping overbalancing on the right, only to find that we were threatened with immediate disaster on the left, we were thankful to trust to our own feet, however badly they might be treated by the sharp stones of the road.

When the top of the pass was reached, the plain of Jericho lay before us, flat as a table-land. Here and there were welcome patches of green, and—alas, the pity of it!—a white hotel faced us with the words "Belle Vue" printed largely upon the walls. It was not in this hotel, however, but in those of the smaller Jericho inn that our camp was pitched, under conditions charming enough to please the most romantic aspirations. Dining-tables were set out in the garden beneath a trellis of jasmine and vine, and when at nightfall lamps were hung at intervals from among the clustering branches, when the tents gleamed white among a grove of sweet lemons, and the tom-toms of the Bedouin mingled with the barking of dogs and jackals,

we felt that, in spite of the Hotel Belle Vue, Jericho still retained some of its pristine charm.

The tents were lined with brilliant cotton embroidery, and we were glad to seek their shelter at an early hour, and, after tying our shoes to the bedposts to disappoint the scorpions, folding our clothes on the dressing-tables to escape the dew, to lie down on our plank beds and dispose ourselves to slumber. There are many experiences which can be enjoyed by a visitor to Jericho, but sleep unfortunately is not one of them. The faithful dragoman snores outside the tent; dogs bark to keep off jackals; jackals crow to defy the dogs, and the night is alive with noise. We were all early risers the next morning, and immediately after breakfast started to drive to the Dead Sea, along a road which is alternately the bed of a stream and the track of a prairie. From one side to another swayed our crazy vehicle; the American lady who formed one of our party spent her time in sitting down suddenly on each of her companions' knees in turns, "to keep the balance true!" and when we were not bending double to avoid the branches of trees, we were clinging

two of the men who waited upon us deserve a word of remembrance. Abraham was the name of the greasy person who hailed from Jerusalem, and who took such a heartfelt interest in our appetites that he groaned aloud when we refused an offered dish, and whispered guttural encouragement in our ear: "Eat, Madam, eat! *I will be responsible!*"—while a dignified-looking Turk had a pretty sense of humour, for, when a facetious gentleman ordered "Scorpions for two," he bowed and withdrew, to reappear a few minutes later with no less than three of these appetising creatures upon a plate! After dinner we paid a visit to a Bedouin encampment, where two women sat grinding at a mill in the light of a crackling wood fire. It was an eerie sensation to see a score of dark faces peer at us from the far corners of the tent, and our dragomans made a somewhat ostentatious display of their weapons until they saw us safely back in our camp.

Next morning at seven o'clock we climbed up the steep pass, and the hill path lay before us. There is something indescribably awesome and depressing

about the desert-like mountains, and one of our clerical friends was so much oppressed by the view that he gave it as his opinion that Palestine never had and never could have been a fertile country. References to Moses failed to convince him. "I don't care!" he said, "I've been here, and Moses never had, so I know better!" "Well, I'm sure of one thing—if I had to live here I should die!" cried the Irishman in chorus. In this mood we were toiling upwards, when from the other side of the rocky gorge came a cheery sound. We looked, and saw a monk from the Russian monastery driving a donkey laden with water-bags along the narrow path. He was going down to the valley to bring back water for his brothers and the pilgrims whom they sheltered, and he sang as he went—the jovial fellow—a happy, rollicking strain, all undaunted by the hardship of his lot. He looked up and waved his hand to the party of English tourists, and we stood still to watch the solitary figure along the barren track. We pitied the lonely monotony of his life, the cruel heat, the unlovely surroundings; but the most hardened among us did not presume to pity the man himself. A turn in the road hid him from sight, but the cheery voice echoed among the hills.



"As far as Plymouth? I don't understand."

to the posts of the awning to escape being hurled headlong into the road. Conversation languished after two hours of this process, and it was a happy moment when we reached our destination. A short, shingly beach, and then—glittering in the sun, and of a colour clear and delicate as a chrysoprase—the Dead Sea lay before us in all its matchless beauty.

The usual programme for visitors to these regions is—to bathe in the Dead Sea, for the sake of association; to bathe in the Jordan to remove the brine left by the Dead Sea; and, finally, to bathe in Elisha's Fountain to remove the mud left by the Jordan—which tradition was faithfully observed by the energetic members of our own party. From the Dead Sea we took our painful way to the Jordan, a muddy stream running between well-wooded banks. A few of the more serious-minded strolled off by themselves, and appeared to realise the sacred associations of the spot. The American mamma volunteered to sing the Doxology, "Right here on the spot!" but her daughter refused to leave the carriage, and sucked green lemons in contemptuous indifference—an example which I fear was copied by the greater number of the weary company.

The second evening in camp was even more interesting than the first. Dinner was a welcome festival, and

The Canadians are determined to make the most of this Jubilee year. They have outdistanced all the other colonies in their generosity towards famine-stricken India, sending no less than £25,000 out of the £37,000 which has so far reached India from the Colonies. One journal alone, the *Montreal Star*, whose proprietor is one of the most Imperial-minded men in Canada, got together \$50,000 by its own efforts. Then there is to be a specially distinguished Canadian contingent in England this year in connection with the Jubilee celebrations. While each of the Australasian and South African Premiers will represent only one British province; Mr. Laurier, the French-Canadian Premier, will represent the eight Canadian provinces which are now welded together into one Dominion. His position is a unique one in British history, and will, of course, entitle him to pre-eminence. Similarly the Canadian military contingent will be an exceptionally large and representative one. In Canada itself the papers are full of the preparations for local celebrations, including a great naval and military pageant at Halifax, and festivals at such points as Toronto and Montreal, in which, curiously enough, some United States regiments are asking leave to join.

When this Year of Jubilee has gone we shall all want some little mementos of it to carry into the future. To that end Messrs. Spink, the famous numismatists, have designed a series of medals and favours, charms, brooches and badges, that sum up (in many metals) the different aspects of the record reign. The one reproduced herewith is typical of the series. On the obverse is the Queen's head, by F. Bowcher, while the reverse contains the arms of the members of her family. Companion medals bear the names of British Princes, Premiers, and Primate of the reign; while still another celebrates the navy and army. Every medal is a work of art, and may be had in gold, silver, bronze, or white metal at every conceivable price.



MAPLE AND SYCAMORE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

The maples are an aggressive and enterprising family; whoever has watched a suburban garden from year to year must have noticed that young sycamore trees often spring up in it as if by magic, when no tree is near from which a plain observer can derive their origin. This, of course, is because of the peculiar nature of the winged fruits or "keys" of the sycamore and the maple; their curious expanded membrane enables them to float downward laterally, with a spiral motion, and to sow themselves at great distances from the parent plants.

Most of these foundlings, I need hardly say, die young—infant mortality among the maple kind being extremely high; but those baby sycamores which succeed in establishing themselves grow in time into tall and shapely trees, much handsomer and freer than our poor little undersized northern maples. For the sycamore is, by origin, a southern type, a native of the Central European and Western Asiatic mountain lands; and though it has long been planted in our woods and copses, it has never really naturalised itself in our chillier climate. Our own truly British maple, on the other hand, is a comparatively small and stunted tree, very slow of growth, and covered with dense dark green foliage. Slowness of growth, however, results as a rule in very hard wood. The slowest-growing tree in Britain, for instance, is the box, and its wood is so hard that it is used for engraving, and also for the manufacture of spinning-tops, mathematical instruments, and other objects where solidity and uniformity are important. Next to box in slowness of growth comes holly, which is much in request for turning and for similar purposes. Maple ranks after these two, both in tardiness of development and in hardness of texture;

but its wood is still fine-grained, compact, and solid, and as it takes a fine polish, it is largely employed for decorative carving. On the other hand, the relatively quick-growing sycamore yields looser timber, mostly used for the tops of herring-barrels. Contrast with these the soft and rapid pines; while the larch, the fastest grower of any tree now planted in England, makes tough but extremely light-grained wood, only useful for coarser purposes, though its lasting qualities make it a favourite for railway sleepers. English maple is modest enough in height and rate of growth to be often employed as a component of hedges. But many maples of other countries are much nobler-looking trees, and have usually more graceful and delicate foliage. This is particularly the case with the beautiful Japanese maple

now so much planted for ornamental purposes in our shrubberies; it has prettily ribbed leaves, most dainty in shape and thin in texture, which come out in early spring in pinky-brown tufts, and assume most lovely reds and crimson with the approach of autumn. Taking trees all round, I think it is a safe generalisation to say that most of those which produce very thick leaves, like holly, ivy, and laurel, mean them to last through more than a single short summer; while those which produce them late in spring and drop them early in autumn have usually thin and delicate foliage. It is these last, in the main, that give us the finest scarlet and orange foliage in autumn. Intermediate

days together in water, as is "well known" to most careful housewives.

Another member of the sycamore family much planted in English shrubberies is the American sugar-maple, a large and handsome species, developed from the common parent form under the influence of the rich soil and genial summer climate of Canada and New England. The majority of American maples flower in early spring, with or before the unfolding of the leaves, and the copious sap which rises for the production of the rapid crop of leaves and flowers is utilised by the canny American farmer as a source of sugar. Indeed, one may say that sugar in plants

is almost always a reserve-fund laid up for the flowering season. Saccharine matter is abundant in all the maples, but particularly in this large and richly blooming species. The time for tapping it is in March or April, when warm sunny days make the tree begin to turn its attention to leafing and flowering. A frosty night, coming after a bright warm day, is especially favourable to an abundant flow of sugar. You bore a hole with an auger into the wood of your maple, and then put in a spout made of hollow elder leading to a tin can, and the tree does the rest. What cabinet-makers call "bird's-eye maple" is the dappled wood of a variety of this tree, produced, apparently, by checks to growth through alternate hot and cold weather. The glorious crimson and yellows of American autumn scenery are mainly due to the foliage of the sugar-maple. Few of the maples, however, have conspicuous flowers, though most or all of them are fertilised by insects; and round some, in early spring, you may hear a perpetual buzzing of bees and other insects. The honey alone seems to suffice for attraction, without external advertisement. But one common American species, the red maple, has its branches simply covered in

April with brilliant masses of scarlet and crimson blossom, so that the whole tree resembles one vast branching coral-plant. The twigs themselves are redder than dogwood, and the foliage in autumn blazes with vermillion.



THE QUEEN AT CIMEZ: INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL CHAPEL IN THE EXCELSIOR REGINA HOTEL.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.

between the two classes come the somewhat thick-leaved types, like English maple and English oak, which do not lose their leaves at the first breath of winter, and which are capable of standing a good deal of cold without serious damage. One may notice much the same gradation of texture in the petals of flowers. Those which are meant to last for one day only, and which are readily fertilised by the first comers, like corn-poppy and rose-cistus, produce very thin and expanded petals; they make the largest possible show for the least possible expenditure of material and energy. But those which are meant to last for many days together, and which must wait for the arrival of some special fertiliser, like the orchids and the higher lilies, have almost always a thick and waxy texture, and will keep for

Two hundred and eighty guineas is a good round sum for one bird's egg, even though the egg be that of a great auk. This, however, was the price realised by a fine specimen which was sold by auction last week at Messrs. Stevens' Rooms, Covent Garden, in the presence of a large gathering of would-be purchasers. The bidding was very lively, starting at one hundred guineas, and rising thence by leaps and bounds to the large figure at which it was eventually knocked down to Mr. T. G. Middlebrook.

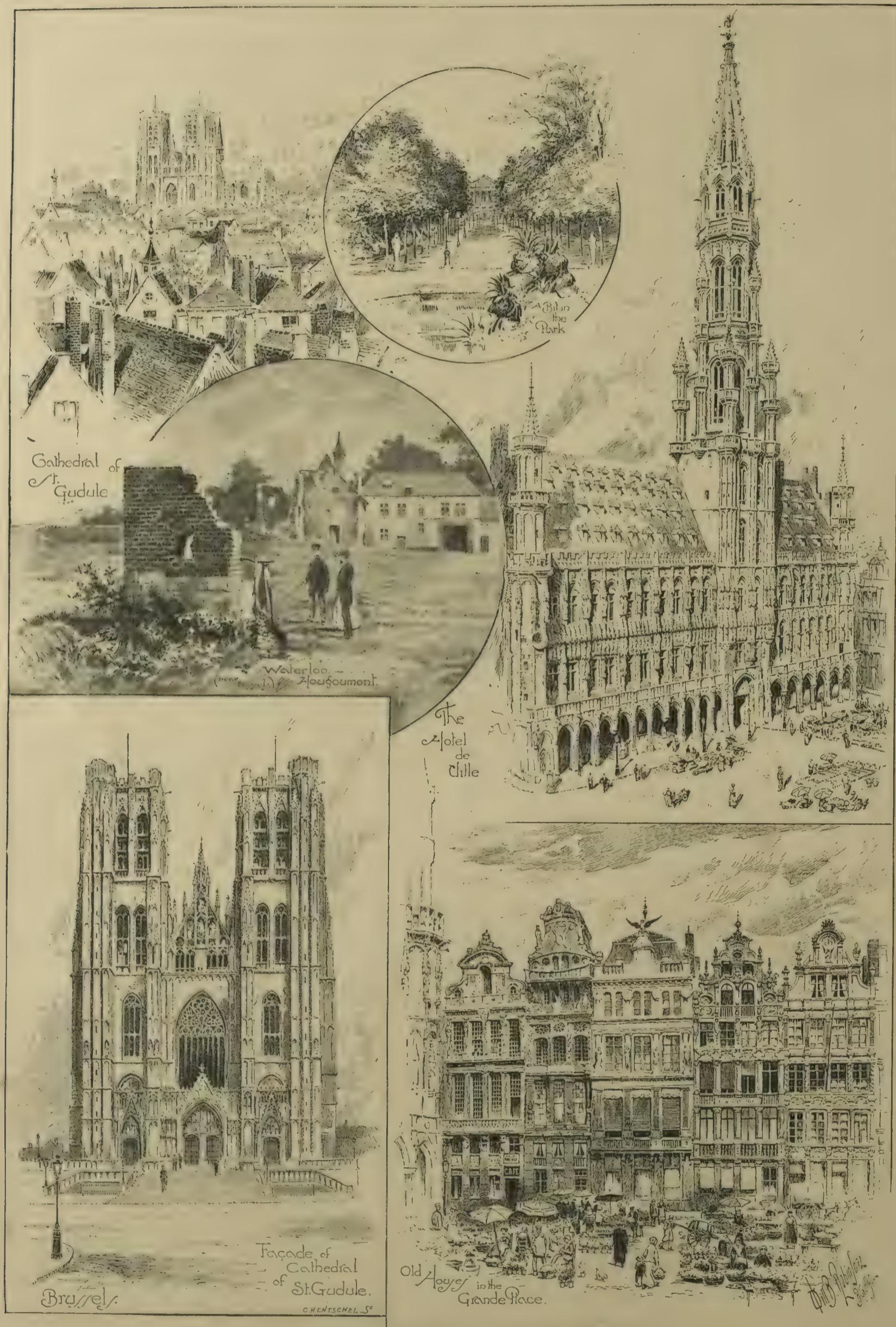


THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ: HER MAJESTY'S FIVE-O'CLOCK TEA ON ONE OF HER COUNTRY DRIVES.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forstier.

When taking an afternoon drive in the neighbourhood of Cimiez, the Queen frequently has afternoon tea by the wayside. One of her Majesty's Indian attendants arrives at the spot chosen for this purpose half an hour before the royal carriage is expected to pass, to prepare the meal, which is laid on a

small table shaped to fit across the landau. On the occasion here illustrated by our Artist, the Queen took her afternoon tea on the road beneath the village of Tourettes. The second carriage is that of M. Paoli, the Special Commissioner appointed by the French Government to be in attendance on her Majesty.



SKETCHES OF BRUSSELS AND THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.



THE QUEEN AT CIMEZ: VISIT OF HER MAJESTY TO THE PRINCE OF WALES'S YACHT "BRITANNIA" IN NICE HARBOUR.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: SCENES ON THE FRONTIER.

From Sketches supplied by E. de Verdy.



THE BRIDGE OF ARTA, ON THE BORDER-LINE BETWEEN GREEK AND TURKISH TERRITORY.

For some time before the actual outbreak of war, the bridge over the Arta, leading from Greek to Turkish territory, was held by a Turkish force, which allowed civilians to cross, though frequently exacting heavy toll. Against Greek troops the bridge has been closely guarded. The bridge is a narrow structure, difficult of passage for large guns, but important as a pass over the frontier-line.

Greek Batteries.

The Town of Arta.

Turkish Batteries.

Turkish Batteries.

G. MONIBARD.



G. MONIBARD.

THE TOWN OF ARTA AND ITS ENVIRONS, SKETCHED FROM THE GREEK POSITION AT MONI-TEODOKIOU.

The town of Arta, a short distance inland from the Gulf of Arta or Ambracia, is the most important Greek position on the western extremity of the frontier. It commands the boundary-line between Greek and Turkish territory which is formed for some distance by the River Arta. Active

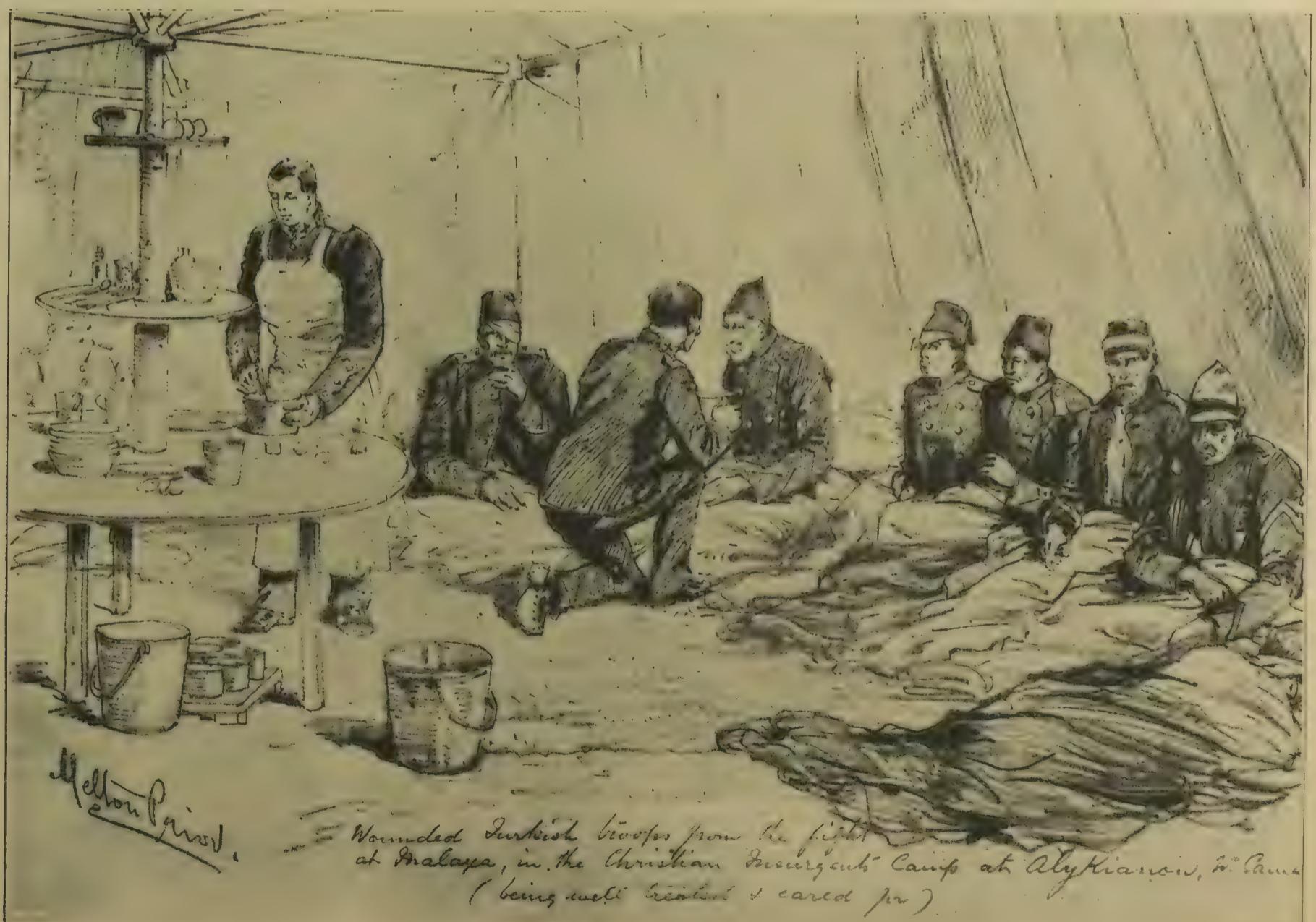
hostilities at this western point began with the shelling of a Greek steamer at the entrance to the Gulf of Ambracia by the Turkish garrison at Prevesa, and two Turkish forts which command Arta subsequently opened a cannonade on the town, but were promptly silenced by the Greek artillery.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: SCENES IN CRETE.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE GREEK COMMANDER, COLONEL VASSOS, AT ALYKIANON, NEAR CANEA.



TURKISH SOLDIERS WOUNDED IN THE FIGHT AT MALAXA BEING WELL TREATED AND CARED FOR IN COLONEL VASSOS' CAMP AT ALYKIANON.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR

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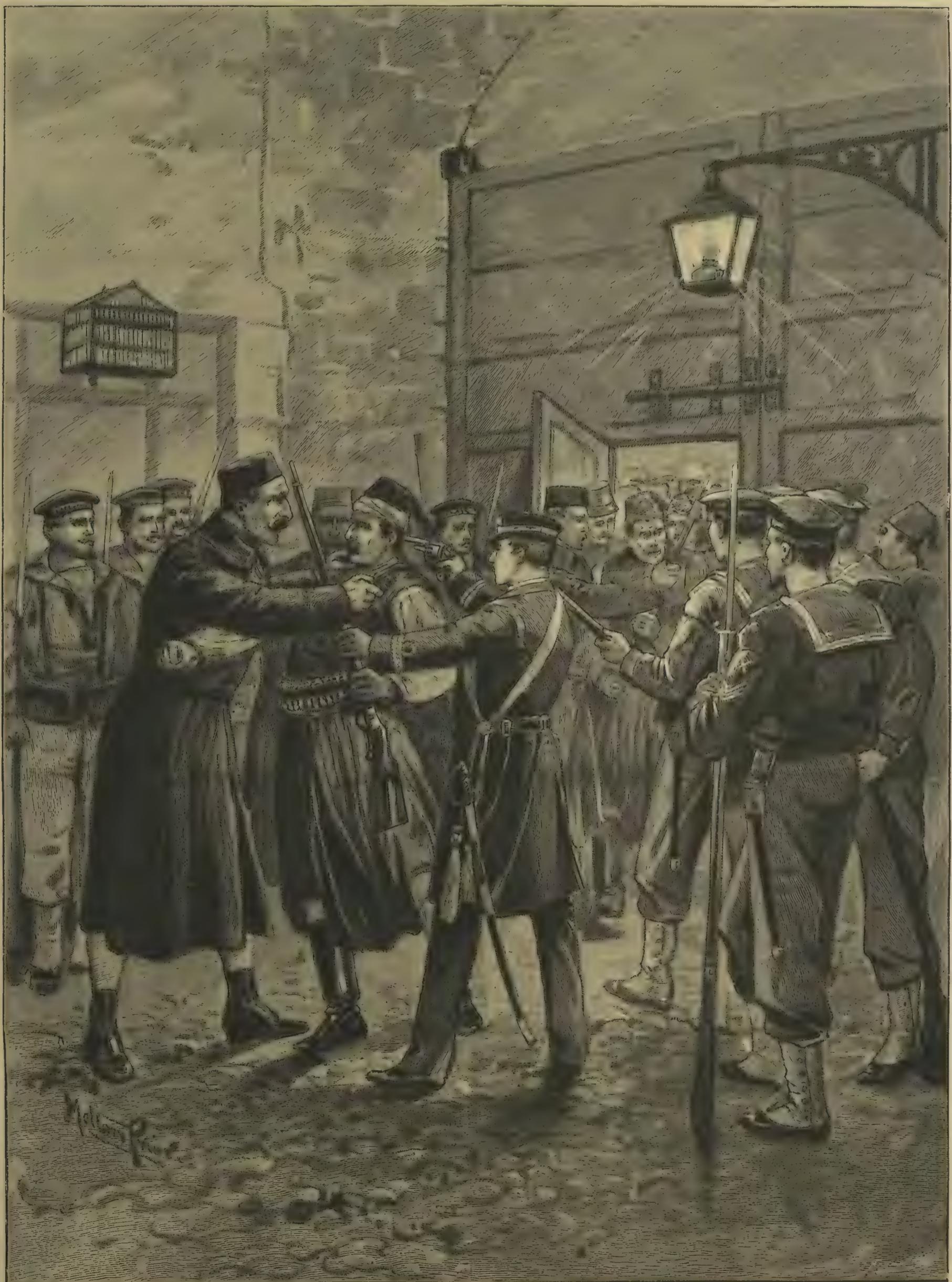
ATTACK OF BASHI-BAZOUKS ON THE CHRISTIAN INSURGENTS AT AKROTIRI: MAJOR BOR AND LIEUTENANT BULLER URGING THE BASHI-BAZOUKS TO RETIRE.

On April 4 the Bashi-Bazouks of Canea made a sortie and attacked the Christian insurgents at Akrotiri. The English Admiral ordered Major Bor to go up to the hills accompanied by Lieutenant

Buller in order to induce the Bashi-Bazouks to retire under the threat that he would shell them from the bay if they persisted. Major Bor found the task hopeless, and narrowly escaped injury to himself

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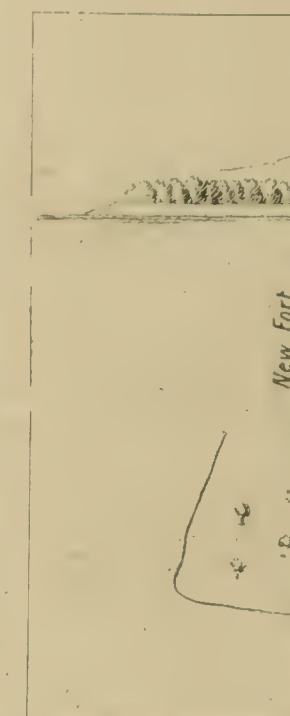
DISARMING BASHI-BAZOUKS AT THE ENTRANCE GATES OF CANEA AFTER THEIR ATTACK ON THE CHRISTIAN INSURGENTS AT AKROTIRI.

As the Bashi-Bazouks refused to withdraw, the Admirals all agreed in determining that they should be disarmed. Many of the Bashi-Bazouks resisted, but a Montenegrin gendarme—a perfect Hercules—very soon settled the matter by grasping one offender by the throat and by sheer force tearing the bandoliers

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR:

ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER.

The town of Arta, the chief stronghold of the Greeks on the western frontier, was bombarded by the Turks on April 19, but without serious injury to the Greek position. The Turkish battery of Imaret was, indeed, completely incapacitated by the retaliating fire of the Greeks. A fort on the hill at the back of the town and a number of batteries make the Greek position a strong one, but the Turkish batteries on the other side of the river are numerous and well placed, as is shown by the maps here reproduced, to illustrate the relative positions of Greeks and Turks at this point. There has been some sharp fighting around the town, a Turkish force which endeavoured to cross the river having been driven back only after a severe skirmish, in which several of the Greek officers met their deaths. From the Turkish town of Prevesa, the position of which is also here illustrated, the first active hostilities at this point were begun by the shelling of the Greek steamer *Macedonia*. The Greeks retaliated, at the instruction of their Government, by bombarding Prevesa and the forts with which it commands the Gulf of Ambracia or Arta. The bombardment was interrupted by a heavy sea, but was resumed again on April 20. Definite tidings as to the result of the bombardment have yet to be received, the reports from Greek and Turkish sources being at present entirely contradictory. The plans here reproduced are from sketches supplied by M. E. de Yorday.



SCENES ON THE THESSALIAN FRONTIER.

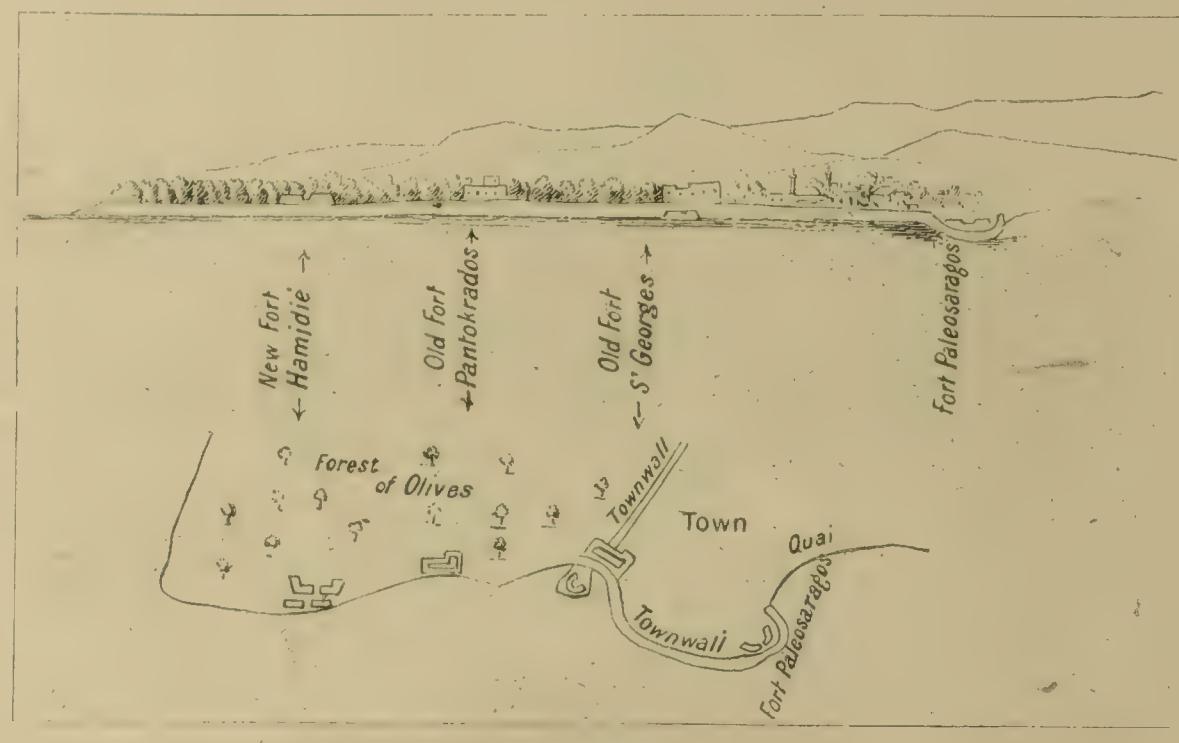
Our Illustrations of scenes on the Thessalian frontier of the Greek territory on which the gaze of Europe is now fixed include the fine stone bridge at Larissa that crosses the Peneios, and which is dominated by the tomb of the first Moslem conqueror of Thessaly, with its single large dome, three blue-green cupolas, and one commanding minaret. The road that this bridge carries leads direct across the northern end of the eastern plain of Thessaly to Tyrnavos, and thence up the hills to the Milouma Pass, which lies to the north-east of the Vale of Tempe. From Larissa to Trikkala—about thirty-seven

miles—the road, which crosses the Peneios at Koutsokhiro, skirts the foot of the range of mountains that form the Greek frontier, which here makes a scoop down in the form of a cup. Trikkala, which in point of population stands next to Larissa, the capital of Thessaly, is situated on a rising mound about two-thirds up the western plain of Thessaly. On the east it is backed by the hills that separate the two plains of Thessaly, with Mount Ossa's snowy point in the distance. To the west it looks across the plain—where the Peneios scores

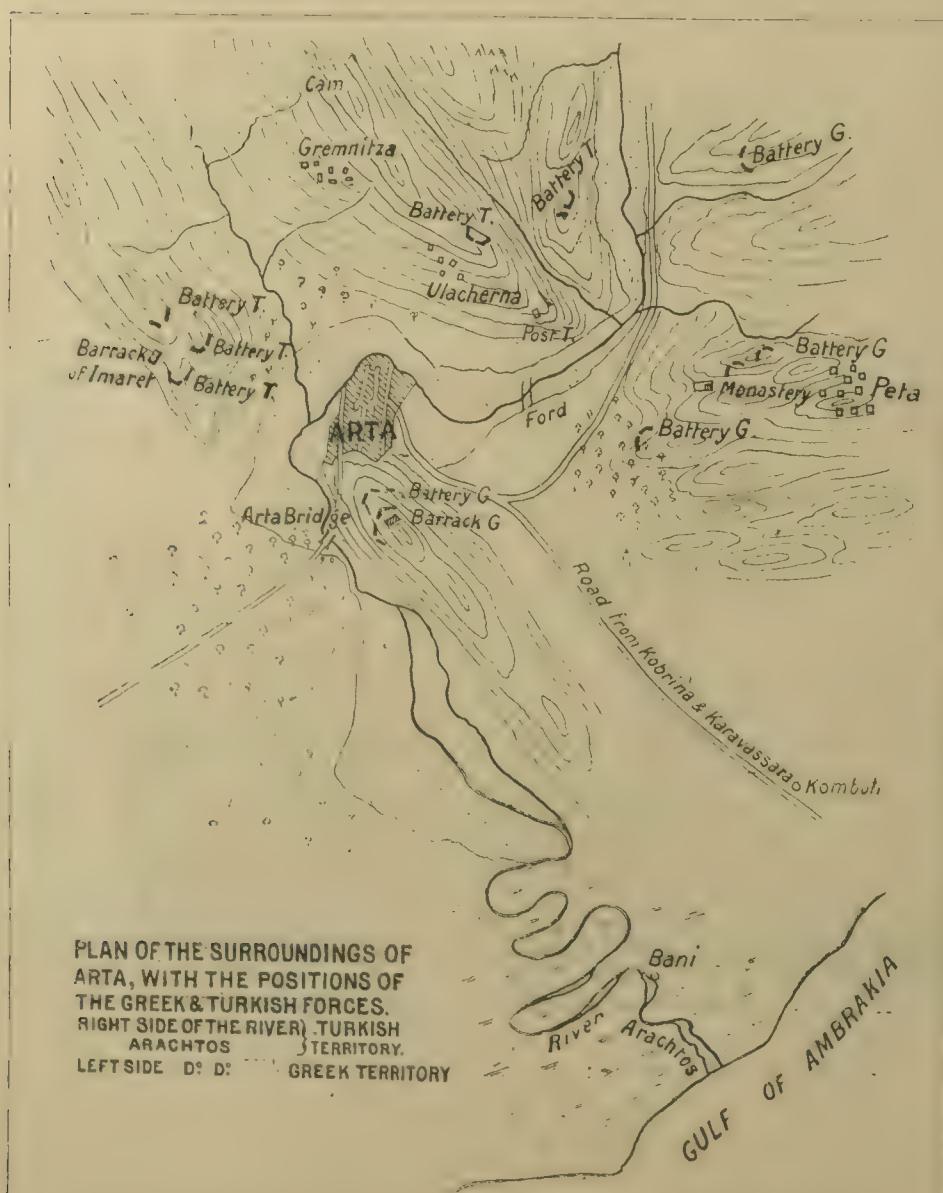
is seen the Monastery of St. Stephen (Hagios Stephanos). Unlike the other monasteries, this is reached by means of a drawbridge thrown across a yawning chasm. This is one of the largest of the monasteries of Metéora, and has a guest-chamber especially fitted up for visitors—that is to say, there are three iron beds in it, and it is only courteous to surmise that the wadded coverlet and single sheet, that go to make up a Greek bed, once were new. The Hegoumenos is most hospitable: he gives his visitors excellent monastic wine, a dinner of many weird courses, and is himself very good company. As usual, there are two churches in this monastery: the smaller of the two possesses some very fair ikons, set in beautifully carved frames, and one very old picture, dated 387. The large church consists of a nave, ante-chapel, with the body of the church under the dome, which is decorated with the usual half-length figure of Christ. Here are seen some of the inlaid ivory and mother-of-pearl stools and lecterns which at one time were the staple work of the Metéora monks. All the manuscripts of any value have been removed to Athens. The long building to the right of the bridge contains the cells of the monks, which open into a dark covered corridor. In time of war these monasteries are used as places of refuge. Not the least curious feature of these unique rocks of Metéora are the holes and caves which literally pepper the face of the cliffs in places. The illustration shows a portion of one

many a channel as it comes down from the north—to the long, snow-clad lines of the Pindos range, behind which the frontier runs down to the river Arta, which empties itself into the Gulf of Arta, at the northern entrance to which is situated the Turkish fortress of Prevesa. In the picture, to the right, is seen a part of the Byzantine citadel, supposed to occupy the site of the old *Acropolis*, where Asklepios had his seat of fame. It was from "Trika's towers" that the two sons of Asklepios, Podateirios, specialist on brain and nerve diseases, and Machaon, the eminent surgeon, went forth to minister to the Grecian heroes encamped before Troy. Above Trikkala, some fifty minutes by rail, lies Kalibaki, nestled in at the foot of the extraordinary looking rocks of Metéora, which rise up from the plain in some places to the height of nearly two thousand feet. On an isolated rock to the right

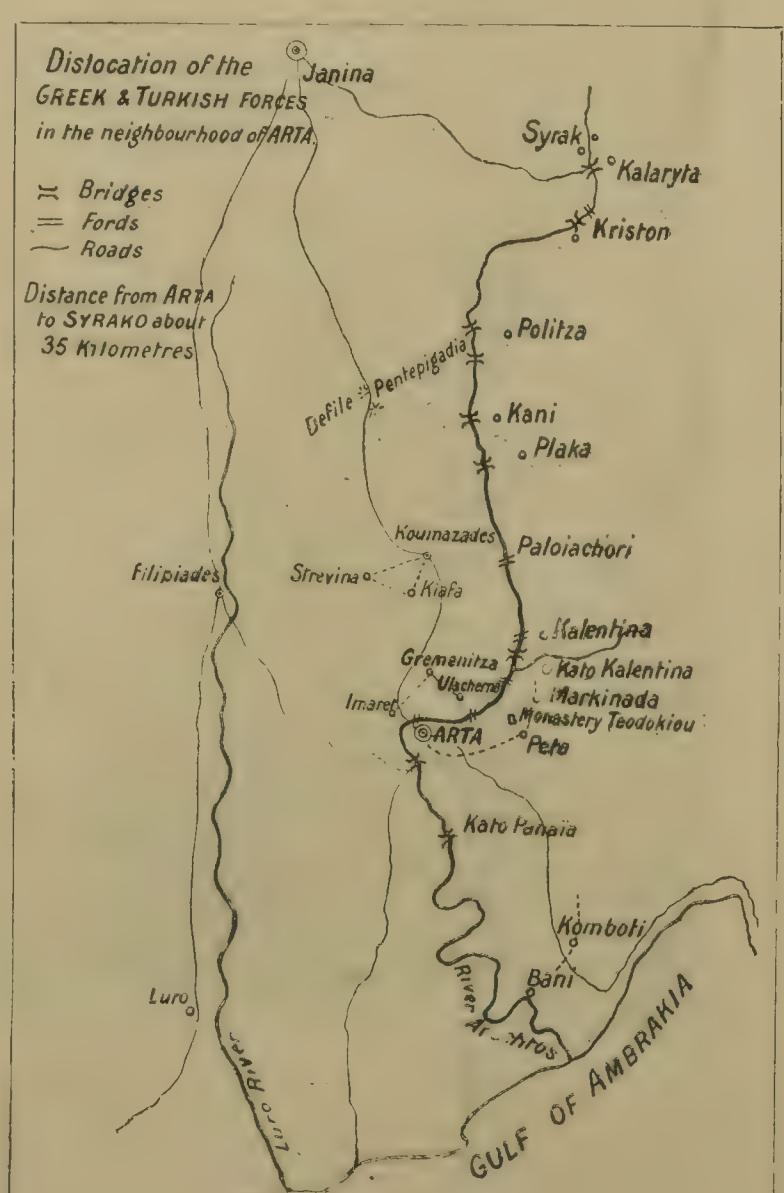
shows a portion of one of these bare rocks that apparently was much fancied by these fourteenth-century hermits of St. Anthony. Here they must have congregated in great numbers, as the remains of their ladders and queer cage-like structures before the caves are still to be seen clinging to the rock. Seemingly, the way a hermit proceeded was to choose a hole that took his fancy; up to this he ran a ladder; then driving poles into the rock before the cave, he built out a little platform; this he roofed in and surrounded with a wall made of sticks or dried grass. From one platform to another these anchorites ran up their ladders until the whole face of the rock was alive with these hermits of St. Anthony. These strange beings depended for their sustenance on the charity of their neighbours; and it was their custom to let down by a cord a net or basket into which contributions were put by the faithful.



PREVESA.



PLAN OF THE SURROUNDINGS OF
ARTA, WITH THE POSITIONS OF
THE GREEK & TURKISH FORCES.
RIGHT SIDE OF THE RIVER) TURKISH
ARACHTOS } TERRITORY.
LEFT SIDE D: D: GREEK TERRITORY



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: SCENES ON THE FRONTIER.



BRIDGE OVER THE PENEIOS AT LARISSA.



CAVES OF THE HERMITS OF ST. ANTHONY IN METEORA, NORTH OF KALIBAKI.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: SCENES ON THE FRONTIER.



TRIKKALA.



THE MONASTERY OF ST. STEPHEN.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Secret Rose., By W. B. Yeats. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
Spiritual Tales, Barbaric Tales, Tragic Romances. By Fiona Macleod. (Patrick Geddes.)
False Dawn., By Francis Prevost. (Ward and Lock.)
Love for a Key., By G. Colmore. (William Heinemann.)
The Landlord at Lion's Head., By W. D. Howells. (David Douglas.)
The Pilgrimage of the Ben Beriah., By Charlotte M. Yonge. (Macmillan.)
Selections from the Works of Sir Lewis Morris., By Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.
Sketches of Travel in Normandy and Maine., By Edward A. Freeman. (Macmillan.)
Stories of Australia in the Early Days., By Marcus Clarke. (Hutchinson.)
War, Famine, and Our Food-Supply., By R. B. Marston. (Sampson Low.)
Curiosities of Law and Lawyers., By Croake James. (Sampson Low.)

The two distinctively Celtic notes—natural magic and melancholy—you find in a perfection all but ideal in Mr. W. B. Yeats's latest volume of weird stories, “The Secret Rose.” What strikes you most in the volume, next to its eeriness, imaginative power, and exquisite style, is Mr. Yeats's Antaeus-like grip of the ground throughout. While his characters and incidents are for the most part supernatural and air-woven, his scenes are so vividly realistic that you seem to see with your own eyes the marvels he describes. Take, for instance, this scene from “The Old Men of the Twilight”: “Then he lay down, and, resting his gun upon a large stone, turned towards a heron which stood upon a bank of smooth grass over a little stream that flowed into the pool; for he feared to take the rheumatism by wading, as he would have to do if he shot one of those which stood in the water. But when he looked along the barrel the heron was gone, and, to his wonder and terror, a man of infinitely great age and infirmity stood in his place. He lowered the gun and the heron stood there with bent head and motionless feathers, as though it had slept from the beginning of the world. He raised the gun, and no sooner did he look along the iron than that enemy of all enchantment brought the old man again before him, only to vanish when he lowered the gun for the second time. . . . He fired, and, when the smoke had gone, saw an old man, huddled upon the grass and a long line of herons flying with clamour toward the sea.” In every line of this fascinating book you feel you have to do with a man of genius, and of genius of a high and rare kind.

The very soul of the Celt breathes also, like exquisitely sweet, sad, and spiritual music, through Miss Fiona Macleod's tales. Her shorter stories have been reissued and rearranged in three beautifully printed volumes under the titles, “Spiritual Tales,” “Barbaric Tales,” and “Tragic Romances.” Some of these tales are insupportably terrible, and some are of “inspissated gloom,” but nearly all are perfect prose poems. Indeed, there is poetry in almost every line: “Alasdair moved nearer and took his mother's right hand in his, where it lay like a tired sheep between two scarped rocks. ‘It was this way, Alasdair-mochree,’ she went on in her low, thin voice, like a wind-worn leaf, the man that was her son thought.” Images exquisite as those we have italicised light up as with prismatic rays every page. The “Spiritual Tales” are the least successful, since an attempt even by Miss Fiona Macleod to improve upon the sublime simplicity of the Gospel story is like an attempt to improve a Greek statue by painting it.

It is a drop from the “large utterance of the early gods” to the thin, sharp smartness of such exceedingly clever novels as Mr. Francis Prevost's “False Dawn” or Mr. G. Colmore's “Love for a Key.” Mr. Paston almost fatigues you by his incessant cleverness. He must describe even his heroine's dress epigrammatically: “Her dress favoured the country in its shades of heather, travel in its severity, and town in the gold upon its coat. It epitomised London September, and what it conceded to the tempest of more intimate outline, seemed to be yielded rather to favour than to force.” Lord Burleigh's nod was inexpressive and diffuse compared with this dress. But “False Dawn” is as interesting as it is smart, while its study of Nina Wendover is perfect. The hero also is an admirable study of the kind of man his friend describes him to be, “begun with the brain and heart and muscle of a man, and finished up with all the little superfinesse of a woman.” He added the forecast which, if Jack Avon had been a little more of a man, would certainly have come true: “They generally go to the bad; and it's generally through a woman.” As it is, the story loses itself drearily in sands.

Dreary also is the ending of “Love for a Key,” the latest issue of the smart “Pioneer Series.” A man, who seems to us, though not to the author, an unredeemed and irredeemable brute, is stayed, steadied, and reformed at last by the death of the woman he had killed through his ill-usage. There is something to be said, however, for Lady Pawlet's paradoxical diagnosis of his symptoms: “I think Ruthen Gray must have some good in him, or he couldn't be so bad.” “My dear Lady Pawlet!” “Yes; he is reckless, and no man who hasn't some good in him is ever reckless. Why should he be? You are only reckless if you have something to lose; and, if you have anything to lose, it must be good, and not bad; or it would be no loss.” By the way, Lady Pawlet's discussion with the wife, and Mr. Mortimer's discussion with the husband, of their strained conjugal relations, are of navvy-like frankness.

However subtle the character-studies, and however smart the talk in “Love for a Key” and “A False Dawn,” we find ourselves in a yet more keen and searching air in Mr. W. D. Howells' delightful novel, “The Landlord at Lion's Head.” Some of the characters are—or seem, at least, to us—super-subtle, and we confess to not quite understanding Jeff Durgin and Bessie Lynde; but Mr. Howells might make the Johnsonian retort that “he was not bound to furnish us with an understanding.” Jeff is alternately so much better and so much worse than we had reason to expect that we become rather bewildered about him; while Bessie Lynde, we should have thought, was not the girl to condone the brutal insult either of Jeff's

mode of proposing or of his mode of jilting her. We are given to understand that she took to flirting as her brother took to drink, through an hereditary craving for excitement; but nothing short of an incredible sensual intoxication could have brought her to heel again after Jeff had kicked her off so brutally. All the other characters, and, above all, the heroine, Cynthia, are of the charming and even fascinating race of Mr. Howells' New England personages; while the plot—if it can be called a plot—is a triumph of his airy art of spinning an exquisitely fine web out of nothing and hanging it on to few and slender supports.

Mr. Howells' little Canuck, Jombateeste, whose limitless faith believed in the Jewish origin of everything—“got it from the 'Ebrew. Feel it in 'is bone”—would best appreciate Miss Yonge's childish version of the forty years' wandering of the Israelites in the wilderness, “The Pilgrimage of the Ben Beriah.” This flat and diffuse translation of the stately Bible story of the Exodus is, if not profane, foolish and ineffective. Fancy Dathan and Korah being discriminated only and ritually by their clothes: Dathan, “clad in a large striped burnouse, gaudy with blue, brown, red and white, was a contrast to Korah, who wore a white tunic with blue, crossed with a white ephod, and a mantle of the same colour to shade his head from the sun.” No doubt a ritualistic moral is suggested by the destruction of themselves, their wives, and their little ones, because they forgot that “God is a King, and calls on us to approach Him in His courts as a King with all solemnity, through those whom He has chosen.”

A very happily made “Selection from the Works of Sir Lewis Morris” has just been published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., which we can warmly commend to the admirers of that poet. Sir Lewis's lines “On an Old Minster”—

T'en shaft and flower-wrought capital,
 High-springing arch and blazoned pane,
 Quaint gargoyle stretching heads profane,
 And stately throne and carven stall.
 The long nave lost in vaporous gray,
 The mailed recumbent forms which wait
 In mockery of earthly state,
 The coming of the dreadful day.
 The haunted aisles, the gathering gloom,
 By some stray shaft of eve made fair;
 The stillness of the mouldering air,
 The faded legends of the tomb.
 I loved them all,

would have been an apt motto for Mr. Freeman's “Sketches of Travel in Normandy and Maine.” The historian is mainly interested in old churches and cathedrals, of which he gives you the most graphic pictures, both pen and pencil—for the illustrations of the book are from his own drawings. The Professor set great stress and store upon the historical value of such buildings: “Besides their deep interest in themselves, such studies are no small part of history. The way in which any people built, the form taken by their houses, their temples, their fortresses, their public buildings, is a part of their national life fully on a level with their language and their political institutions. And the buildings speak to us of the times to which they belong in a more living and, as it were, personal way than monuments or documents of almost any other kind.”

The troubled history which Mr. Freeman recalled in these papers was peaceful compared with that of the early days of Australia as recounted by the author of that striking novel “For the Term of his Natural Life,” the late Mr. Marcus Clarke. We can confidently recommend novelists in search of sensational plots or incidents to read his stirring “Stories of Australia in the Early Days.” Even more interesting, perhaps, than those records is the biography of the ill-fated novelist which prefaces them.

Talking of Australia, we were surprised to find in that most striking and opportune book “War, Famine, and our Food Supply,” that she also sends us a vast amount of corn. The author's object is to prevent, by the establishment of adequate corn reserves, the possibility of America and Russia starving England into submission by withholding from her their corn. At present over seventeen of the twenty-five million quarters of wheat forming our total annual import are sent us by Russia and North America. Mr. Marston has written an extraordinarily striking book, and made in it singularly valuable suggestions.

“Gaiety without eclipso wearieh,” and of all such unrelieved gaiety that of an anecdote-book is the most depressing—at least to a reviewer. The casual reader, however—especially if he be a lawyer—who takes intermittent peeps into Mr. Croake James's “Curiosties of Law and Lawyers” will enjoy it as a liqueur should be enjoyed—in sips. To a layman, perhaps the most humorous things in the book are the serious decisions of great Judges upon such questions as whether a man who nails to his own wall a board which overhangs his neighbour's field is liable to an action for trespass. Hear Lord Ellenborough beating the air upon this momentous point: “I do not think it is trespass to interfere with the column of air superincumbent on the close of another. I once had occasion to rule on circuit that a man who, from the outside of a field, discharged a gun into it, so that the shot must have struck the soil, was guilty of breaking and entering it.” A very learned Judge who went the circuit with me, having at first doubted the decision, afterwards approved of it, and I believe it met with the general concurrence of those to whom it was mentioned. But I am by no means prepared to say that firing across a field, *in vacuo*, no part of the contents touching it, amounts to a *clausum fregit*. Nay, if this board commits a trespass by overhanging the plaintiff's field, the consequence is that an aeronaut is liable to an action for trespass at the suit of the occupier of every house and inch of ground over which the balloon passes. One cannot help recalling the solemn dissertation of Butler's sages on the mouse in the telescope, which they took for an elephant in the moon.

A LITERARY LETTER.

I am glad to welcome so good a biographical guide-book as “Who's Who”—a work of reference which Mr. Douglas Sladen has edited for Messrs. A. and C. Black. I understand that a great deal of money has been expended over this venture, but the very munificence of detail should help to an equivalent success. There are many sins of omission, and worse sins of commission, but, nevertheless, I do not hesitate to describe “Who's Who” as by far the most complete record of the noteworthy living that has hitherto been compiled. To me it makes fascinating reading. I learn the birth-dates of many friends, and of some enemies; I even find the ages of certain women writers.

In reference to a recent paragraph, a correspondent calls my attention to the fact that he received £40 for a volume of the “Great Writers Series,” and moreover remarks that that series was published at one shilling, against the half-crown which was originally charged for the “English Men of Letters Series.”

One of the most singular ironies of life is, I find, associated with the memory of Shelley in Bournemouth. It is well known that in the churchyard are buried Mrs. Shelley, the wife of the poet, and Mary Godwin and William Godwin, the father and mother of Mrs. Shelley, whose bodies were removed from St. Pancras' Churchyard. To these, in the same vault, have now been added the remains of Sir Percy Florence Shelley, the son of the great poet. One finds a certain element almost of humour in the fact that so sordid and unromantic a person as Godwin should be buried in the family grave of the Shelleys, and that his portrait should look down from the walls of the beautiful rooms of Boscobel Manor.

There is yet another point of interest. Mr. Bennett, the first Vicar of Bournemouth, refused to admit Thornycroft's fine statue of Shelley into Bournemouth Church. Now, Mr. Bennett's remains are marked by a tombstone in Bournemouth Churchyard, the very next to that in which the Shelleys are buried, and in which the remains of William Godwin, who must have represented everything which the venerable Vicar of Bournemouth found most abhorrent, also lies.

A writer in the *Publishers' Circular* throws doubt upon the suggestion that Dickens obtained at least £10,000 for one of his novels. There can scarcely be any question, I imagine, but that Dickens received this sum and more for “David Copperfield.” The same writer wants to know what novelist of our own day has received a similar sum for a single novel; to which I reply that Mrs. Humphry Ward has done so, and probably Dr. Conan Doyle. It will be remembered that Dickens got £1000 apiece for three short stories, now well-nigh forgotten—one of them called “Hunted Down,” another “A Holiday Romance,” and the third “George Silverman's Explanation.” Among the other financial engagements of Dickens, it may be also remembered, was one by which he was to receive £7500 for 25,000 copies of “Edwin Drood,” and as 50,000 copies were sold during his lifetime, it may be assumed that even that very inferior and unfinished work secured him more than the £10,000 in question. If a novelist can manage to sell his American, Australian, and English serial rights separately, and if he have—as all popular serial writers have not—a large book-reading public as well, there would seem to be no limit to his pecuniary reward.

A literary journal made the curious blunder the other day of assuming that the author of the volume of poems called “Homeward” and the author of the volume of essays called “The Remnant” was one and the same person. This is not the case. “The Remnant” is by John Eglinton, a well-known resident of Dublin; the volume of poems called “Homeward”—which created a great deal of excitement when they appeared, and to the author of which Mr. W. B. Yeats dedicated his last book—is by a young Dublin man whose real name is George Russell. Mr. Russell is engaged in a quiet way in a subordinate branch of commerce in Dublin, and his friends cannot persuade him to cultivate literature as a livelihood. Mr. Russell holding that there is a greater dignity in the labour into which circumstances have driven one. Certain it is that some literary men of the past would have led happier lives had they been of this persuasion.

In the April number of the *Bookseller* Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. give an emphatic denial to a charge, made in a previous issue, that they had sent out post-cards to individuals soliciting on their own behalf subscribers to Dr. Nansen's book. Messrs. Constable, by the way, are to publish Mr. Francis Thompson's next book. Whether this poet of a small Roman Catholic clique will command any attention when removed from Mr. John Lane's poetry-purchasing *clientèle* remains to be seen.

We are shortly to have a kind of literary exodus to Washington—that is to say, Mr. Spencer Walpole, the secretary to the General Post Office, and Mr. Buxton Forman, one of the assistant-secretaries—both of them well-known names in literature—are to represent England at a postal congress in the United States capital. Mr. A. B. Walkley, the well-known dramatic critic, accompanies Mr. Walpole and Mr. Forman as secretary to the English Commissioners.

There is no truth whatever in the statement that has been published that Mr. J. M. Barrie has taken action over unauthorised dramatic versions of his “Little Minister,” and that, indeed, he visited America for that purpose. Mr. Barrie has never even contemplated taking any action, but the fact that an authorised edition would shortly be forthcoming from him has made theatrical managers in the United States prefer to await his adaptation of the pretty story in which Gavin and Babie will be the hero and heroine.

C. K. S.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, declared that "Bacon wrote science like a Lord Chancellor." Mr. Plowden, the shrewd, often kindly, and sometimes witty magistrate of the Marylebone Police-court, who, had political chance befriended him, might have occupied the woolsack, delivered an opinion which is likely to draw from the poets an equally unkind remark. For, after all, it is only the poets who are, or fancy they are, the best judges of the "diseases bred from love," and, according to them, neither science, practical wisdom, nor jurisprudence is capable of drawing the diagnosis of all or any of those diseases.

The case submitted for his Worship's consideration was this: John Barrett, a decently dressed young labourer, had been jilted by his sweetheart, and withdrew to one of the sylvan nooks of Hampstead to put an end to his life. The flesh of his manly bosom was either too solid or the pocket-knife with which he attempted to perforate it not solid enough for the purpose, for before he could accomplish his fell design his courage forsook him, and he gave himself to a policeman, his (John's) face dissolved in tears, which continued to flow copiously while he was being examined as to the cause of his contemplated self-destruction.

"Why did you do this foolish action?" asked Mr. Plowden. "It was all on account of my young woman," blubbered John, "for she rejected me, Sir, and broke off the correspondence with me." "Is that all?" said the magistrate. "Well, I hope, whatever you thought at the time, you see the extreme seriousness and stupidity of it now. If every man whose correspondence with a young woman was broken off took his life, there would be very few men left. It is an everyday occurrence. There are plenty of young women to take her place." Nevertheless, lest John should take the magistrate's advice too promptly, Mr. Plowden remanded him for a week. Perhaps it had flashed upon the mind of the worthy magistrate at the termination of his little speech that he had been somewhat harsh and hasty in stigmatising "suicide from love" as a foolish act, and he therefore wished to give John the chance of proving the "constancy of his sorrow" for at least a little while.

Thus far Mr. Plowden; and in this instance I do not feel called upon either to praise or to blame his utterances, for my business is simply to observe. It is Mr. Plowden's duty to raise a moral protest against self-destruction—no matter what the alleged cause may be. To the man of the world, moreover—and every London police-magistrate becomes, by the sheer exercise of his profession, a man of the world—an unrequited affection seems to be the most futile cause for suicide. That is where the man of the world differs from the poet—especially while the poet is young, and when he thinks it the height of poesy to sing suicide—in others.

In the early stages of his passion for Laura, Petrarch may perchance have considered himself a mean, cowardly creature for not killing himself. He grew wiser as he grew older, yet he refrained from confessing his wisdom to the world at large, for such a confession would have impaired the artistic and literary value of his earlier poems, above all with those for whom poems like his are written—namely, women and love-sick young men. At no time of his life would Goethe have imitated his hero Werther, for to the end of his days he was much more bent upon working himself into a semi-belief of love for his subject than upon finding an object for his love. In this respect he was the reverse of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who was for ever seeking a woman upon whom to bestow his affections; for Thérèse le Vasseur "did not count." Yet the author of "La Nouvelle Héloïse" would have reflected "many a time" before making an end of himself "for the love of a woman." Even if the hypothesis of Jean Jacques' suicide is correct, unrequited passion had nothing to do with it.

This is why the poets will pick a quarrel with Mr. Plowden. They will quote all the heroes and heroines of their predecessors' fiction who made "an end of themselves" rather than drag through life without the object of their love to share this existence, and they, the poets, will maintain that these heroes and heroines had their counterparts in the flesh. This is true to a certain extent; they forget to say, though, that the proportion of loving originals to fictitious copies is probably as one to a hundred thousand; for slightly to paraphrase Mr. Plowden: "If every man and woman who had been disappointed in love were to kill themselves, the population would be reduced by a considerable percentage." And if accurate statistics were obtainable about those suicides, many interesting discoveries would be brought to light. It would be proved that few of the deserted ones committed suicide after the first month of their being deserted. That was probably the reason why the magistrate prescribed a week's meditation to John Barrett. The poets will say that Mr. Plowden remanded John Barrett in order to have him carefully examined as to his mental state of health, and as the young labourer might be converted by them into a hero, they will unquestionably resent Mr. Plowden's charity. I once saw a photographer try to get some impressions of the sky. Suddenly the sky became overcast. A poet who was with me said it served the photographer right. "He had no business to try to make realistic pictures out of the heavens."

Several innovations which have been made in the scheme of the Crystal Palace Horse Show, to be held in June, will doubtless add to the interest occasioned by the second of what the promoters hope to make a long and continuous series of annual fixtures. The amount of money offered in prizes will be two hundred pounds in advance of last year's total, and new classes have been arranged to attract the amateur exhibitor as well as the professional. One will be for hunters which have been out with the hounds throughout the past season, while a trotting competition for hackneys forms another novelty.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
E. STURTON (Holbeach).—Mate is given by R to Q 4th (double ch) and mate. How do you make out the Rook can now be taken?

ALPHA, J. WESLEY, SORRENTO, AND OTHERS.—We very much regret that No. 2763 cannot be solved, and that you have had so much trouble in vain.

SIGNOR ASA.—We will try to meet your request.

P. H. WILLIAMS.—Thanks for No. 23, which is very acceptable.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2760 received from C. A. M. (Penang), Stuart Mowé (Singapore), and O. Oldenburg (Johannesburg); of No. 2761 from Evans (Port Hope, Ontario) and W. H. Lunn (Cheltenham); of No. 2766 from Hereward, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Eric (York), Sunbury, John M. Robert (Croydon, County Down), R. H. Brooks, Z. Ingold (Frampton), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and W. R. Pearce (Mévagissey).

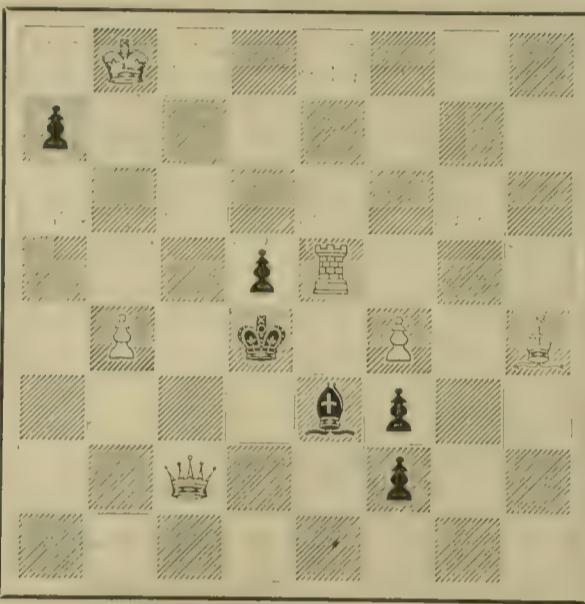
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2767 received from L. Désanges, F. A. Carter (Maldon), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), F. Hooper (Putney), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), J. G. Lord (Castleton), Sorrento, F. Anderson, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), G. J. Yeal (Dartford), R. Waltz (Heidelberg), Fred Elliot (Crouch End), T. G. (Ware), E. P. Vulliamy, M. A. Byre (Folkestone), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), E. B. Ford (Cheltenham), Ubique, G. T. Hughes (Portsmouth), W. J. Brownlow, George J. Hicks, T. Roberts, Hereward, F. J. Candy (Croydon), J. F. Moon, R. W. Worts (Canterbury), Captain Spencer, E. Louden, Miss D. Gregson (Manchester), J. Bailey (Newark), Alpha, Shadforth, Bryn Melyn (Penmaenmawr), Bluet, Frank Proctor, Fred J. Gross, W. R. B. (Clifton), Dr. F. St. A. W. Maxwell (Bristol), and J. S. Wesley (Exeter).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2766.—BY R. HINBLEY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Q sq. Any move

PROBLEM NO. 2769.—BY C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS-IN THE CITY.

Game played between Messrs. VAN LENNEP and E. O. JONES.
(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Van L.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. Van L.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	4. P to K 5th	K to Kt Q 2nd
5. P to K B 4th	P to Q B 4th	6. P takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd
7. P to Q R 3rd	Kt takes P	8. Q to Kt 4th	Castles
9. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd	10. B to Q 3rd	P to B 3rd
Q takes P (ch) is open to White, and if followed at once by Q takes Q P, appears safe and sound.		11. Q to R 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
10. B to Q 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd	12. P takes P	Kt takes P
13. Kt to K 5th		14. P takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
White is already at some disadvantage, and P to K 4th is threatened. His game is undeveloped, and a Pawn must go.		15. B to R 6th	R to B 2nd
14. P takes Kt	Kt to Q 2nd	16. Castles (Q R)	Kt takes P
15. B to R 6th	R to B 2nd	17. K to K B sq	Kt takes B (ch)
16. Castles (Q R)	Kt takes P	18. Q takes Kt	R takes Kt
17. K to K B sq	Kt takes B (ch)	19. R takes R	R to Q 2nd
18. Q takes Kt	R takes Kt	20. P to K Kt 4th	Q to R 5th
19. R takes R	R to Q 2nd	21. Q to Q 2nd	B to B sq
20. P to K Kt 4th	Q to R 5th	22. B takes B	R takes B
21. Q to Q 2nd	B to B sq	23. R takes R (ch)	R takes R
Very much to the point, especially as		24. Q to B 4th (ch)	K to K 2nd
		25. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	K to K sq
		26. Q takes Kt P	Q takes Kt P
		27. Q to Kt 6th (ch)	K to K 2nd
		28. Q takes R P	Q to B 5th (ch)
		29. K to Kt sq	Q takes R P
		30. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to Q 3rd
		31. P to Kt 5th	P to Q 5th
		32. Kt to K 4th	Q to Q 4th
		33. Kt to B 5th	P to R 4th
		34. P to R 4th	

An awkward necessity. Otherwise he could play 34. Kt takes B. Q takes Kt; 35. P to Kt 6th, etc. But the Pawn must be defended first. There is much point in the finishing stroke.

34. Kt takes Kt
35. Kt to Q 3rd
36. P to Kt 6th
37. Kt to B 2nd
38. Q to Kt 8th
39. Q to B 4th
40. K to R sq
41. K to R 2nd
42. K to R 3rd

White resigns.

Mr. Steinitz, everyone will be glad to hear, has so far recovered that he was able to take part in a simultaneous performance against the Vienna Club, when out of 22 games played he won 17, drew 3, and lost 2.

Efforts are being made in support of Mr. Skipworth's proposal recently mooted in this column, and the active assistance of the St. George's Club is already promised.

The match between a team of the House of Commons and one selected from the American House of Representatives is fixed to be played shortly after Easter.

The annual match between the City and St. George's Chess Clubs was played on April 3 at St. James's Street, when two strong teams, consisting of seventeen players aside, were pitted against each other. Play at first ran strongly in favour of the City representatives, but a turn in the tide towards the end left the final score in favour of the City by the small margin of 10 against 7.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The ostrich is a bird which from the somewhat isolated position of its order will always be regarded with great interest by ornithologists. It belongs to the group of birds which want the big keel on the breastbone that other birds possess. This keel is the great surface of attachment for the wing-muscles, and as the ostrich does not fly, and has rudimentary wings only, the breastbone is flat, or rather shield-like, in conformation. Then the feathers are peculiar, in that their barbs are not connected to form a web, this disconnected state giving to the plumes their graceful appearance. The natural history of the ostrich has yet to be fully written, but a good deal of light has been thrown on its life by an article written by Mr. S. C. Cronwright Schreiner in the *Zoologist*. Mr. Schreiner had abundant opportunities for studying the big birds in the ostrich farms, and he has made most excellent use of his advantages.

The eggs, Mr. Schreiner tells us, each equal in bulk about eighteen hen's eggs, and weigh about three pounds. The hatching period extends to six weeks. The nest is simply a hollow, and both parents assist in making the cradle for the young. The eggs are laid one on each alternate day, and the average number of eggs laid is fifteen. The male bird takes his turn in sitting with his partner, and it appears that the female's turn of duty ranges from eight or nine a.m. till four p.m., the male then incubating from the afternoon till next morning. The question whether the male ostrich is a kind of Mormon, or whether he obeys the Apostolic injunction to be the husband of one wife only, has been hotly debated. Mr. Schreiner combats the prevailing view that he is a polygamous bird, with a harem like the common male barn-door fowl. He thinks the evidence is strongly in favour of monogamy in ostrich domestic life, and certainly the regular discharge of the incubating duties by the male and female in each nest, is an important confirmation, in its way, of Mr. Schreiner's contention. There may be cases and incidents which prove that exceptions to the monogamous state are not uncommon, and some of the social peculiarities of the birds, Mr. Schreiner tells us, he is not yet able fully to explain. But from the evidence he quotes, it would certainly appear that monogamy during the nesting period is the rule, and that the attached couple exhibit a faithfulness and devotion which should excite the admiration of Mr. Grant Allen and other pioneers of the sex-movement.

One point in Mr. Schreiner's narrative will prove specially interesting to naturalists who are concerned with that ever-instructive problem, the relation of animals and plants to their environments. The colour of the ostrich bears a direct relation to the period of nesting, when there is special need for the protection of the birds. The brownish-grey colour of the hen conceals her as she sits on the nest by day, while the black colour of the male is an evident protection during his night-watches. The very manner in which the ostrich "sits"—head, neck, and tail flat on the ground, thighs covered by the wings, and plumes huddled together close to the body—constitutes an item which distinctly favours the concealment of the bird. In this position, Mr. Schreiner says, the hen might well be mistaken for an ant-heap, a stone, or a bush. Even an ostrich-farmer might almost walk over a hen bird sitting on her nest, without observing her. Another striking instance this, of the mimicry of life which constitutes so efficient a protection against the many risks which threaten and assail it.

There has just been published the second edition of a book which, primarily intended for medical men, may be read and understood by any intelligent person, and the perusal of which may be calculated to do an immense deal of good—I refer to the work on "Digestion and Diet," by Sir W. Roberts, M.D. (Smith, Elder, and Co.). I mention this book for its deep scientific interest, because, in addition to dealing with the problem of digestion, it affords a vast fund of reliable information regarding the influence of such food-accessories as tea, coffee, wine, etc., on the digestive process. The greater degree of interest the general reader can be induced to take in his own personal history, the greater and more hopeful will be the chances that the personal care of health, which is the foundation of all our happiness, will become intensified and made a matter of daily duty. Sir W. Roberts also throws a good deal of light on problems about alcohol, in which prohibitionists and teetotalers are deeply interested. I recommend them to study what science (as opposed to fanaticism) has to say about the dietetic use of alcohol. Those interested in the opium habit will find an instructive chapter on that subject, which may be recommended to the thoughtful perusal of those who judge that opium as used in the East is of necessity a baneful and deleterious substance.

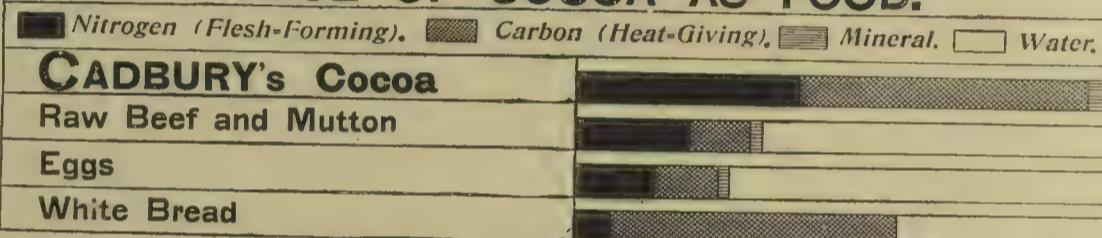
I note that Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale, U.S.A., to whose indefatigable labours we owe much of our knowledge of many fossil forms, announces that *Hesperornis*, the big fossil bird of the chalk of West Kansas, discovered by him in 1870, is a member of the ostrich group. *Hesperornis* (literally "the bird of the dawn") is regarded still by many authorities as showing relationships to the divers; and Professor Marsh admits that in respect of its hind limbs the diver features are apparent enough. But the ostrich features are equally distinct in the case of the skull and shoulder-girdle; and so the matter rested as regards the affinities of this unique remnant of the bird-life of the past. Now, however, Professor Marsh tells us that a quarter of a century after the original discovery of *Hesperornis*, comes a confirmation of its ostrich relationship. A very perfect specimen has been unearthed in the region where it was first discovered, and the feathers of this new specimen have been preserved. These feathers are of the ostrich type, and it therefore would seem as though *Hesperornis*, while a member of the ostrich group, exhibits, as do many extinct forms, affinities that link it and unite it to other groups of birds which are essentially distinct to-day.

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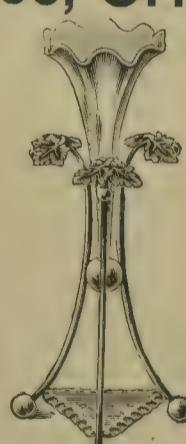
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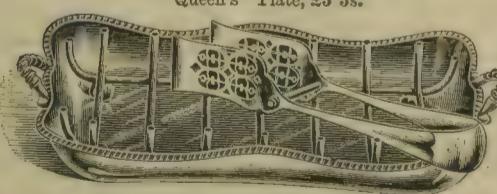
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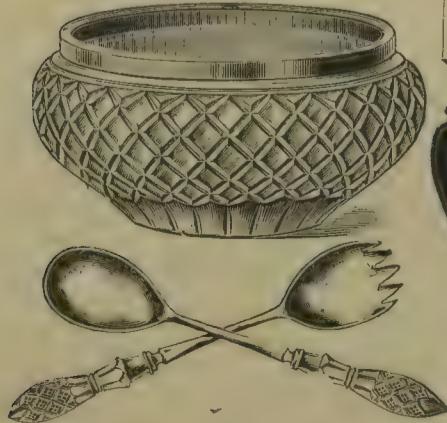


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NEXT

(SIR JOHN BENNETT'S)

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

It would seem as if the authorities have done their very best to discover how to bestow the maximum of work upon the fashions this year. Endless are the little frillings, the rows of braid, the narrow beadings, and the lace insertions introduced into our frocks, while the latest varieties of waistcoats must take a couple of days to produce. These are made of fine lawn or muslin set into the tiniest of tucks run by hand, alternating with stripes of Valenciennes lace, decked here and there with a frill of muslin with a hem-stitched edge, edged again with lace. Even in such minor matters as the necktie, hemstitching, beading lace, and insertion and tucks will put in their appearance, while the hem of those few skirts which are misnamed plain will be found decorated with four or five rows of Valenciennes edging bordering an elaborate hemstitch in the material, such decoration being mostly devoted to crêpe de chino or to cashmere.

Cashmere is a fabric of infinite charm. It makes the greater part of that dress sketched on this page. A pretty dress it is, too, specially designed for the half-mourner, the under-skirt and under-bodice being of black-and-white striped silk, while the little boleros and triple apron-front are of grey cashmere, hemmed with white ribbon. The hat is of violet straw, trimmed with violet ostrich-feathers and violet ribbons.

Coloured ostrich-feathers are rather sought after to-day, and they offer a pleasing variety from the many-coloured flowers which have recently obtained most of our affections. Mauve, violet, green, and grey are the most popular colours for ostrich-feathers. Grey is having a considerable vogue altogether, being really more in favour than the many shades of fawn which usually reign supreme at this season of the year. Anybody wanting to supply themselves with two dresses to do duty for the next three months on ordinary everyday occasions might be cordially advised to buy one costume of the palest shade of grey, completing it with a grey straw hat frilled with chiffon, trimmed with grey feathers; and another costume of red serge—the latter to be made in simple coat and skirt style, supplied with shirts of fine batiste in pale pink or white, or an infinitesimally checked zephyr in red and white, and crown it with a red straw hat trimmed with a scarf of red gauze and a flight of shaded wings. I promise the purchaser of these that she would be sufficiently well equipped to pass muster on most occasions.

I wonder whether the sun justifies the discussion of parasols. In any case the newest variety of these are worth mentioning, and again they show the passion for elaboration which is possessed by the authorities just now, for they are made of stripes of Valenciennes lace alternating with small bouillonnées of muslin and elaborately frilled. These are to be met at Jay's, where I also discovered some new parasol handles of special charm made

ground of nondescript hue. But the economical woman to whom I was recommending those two costumes should not supply herself with the parasol of light turquoise blue, but should choose in preference an *en tout cas* of dark red mounted on a gun-metal and pearl handle. Dark red, by-the-way, would be an excellent colour in which to

that to pretend that mothers have nothing else but means and position in view for their daughters is "monstrous." Lady Jeune does right to protest; the idea is derogatory to girls, and is certainly not true. Youth and beauty have a "Divine right" of their own, and a girl in Society fairly endowed with womanly qualities is soon made to feel herself of far more value than a slave to be sold. Marriage is doubtless in view, but it means making a home, and finding a life-long friend and domestic companion, and fulfilling the most congenial and suitable of duties—in the upper classes as well as in those shop-parlour circles where some would have it supposed all virtue resides.

But what is the use of pretending that marriage is a matter of mere sentiment—that money matters ought not to be taken into account? This sort of talk is to be traced in large measure to the influence of Thackeray, who seems to me to have been thoroughly wrong-headed on money matters, and a most untrustworthy guide. In the same novel in which he orates so often about the wickedness of a handsome girl being desired by her grandmother to marry a rich young peer—a very good fellow, with nothing to be said against him—instead of a penniless artist, he applauds as the noblest of mankind the foolish old Colonel Newcome, who in his vain self-conceit has not only given all his own money to an adventurer, but also induced his son's wife and her mother to follow his lead. There is nothing but abuse for the poor mother, who, when the means of comfortable existence for herself and her daughter are thus swept away, "takes off her coat," so to speak, and though her temper fails her, as well it may, works with her own hands in preparing food for the whole lot of them, and uses her little pension to help keep them; and yet, when a stray fifty pounds comes to hand, and the old Colonel, regardless of domestic claims, grandly sends it off to a pensioner of his, credit is claimed for him for this "generosity" at the expense of his household victims, the deluded daughter-in-law and her mother! In the same vein of false sentiment (if I may presume to think) is the scorn expressed by the novelists for the reasonably prudent consideration of the business aspect of the life-long partnership of marriage.

There is no excuse for a mother who deliberately ties her young daughter to the chagrins of being the wife of a man of three times her years, or of a younger man of bad character, because the prospective bridegroom has rank or money; but if other things are equal, or nearly so, would anybody who knows the world desire to see a probably shallow and passing attraction permitted to tie a girl down for all her life to poverty, with all its discomforts, including her removal from the society to which she is used, and the habits of refinement and luxury that are ingrained in her by daily use from childhood?

It is curious to contrast with Thackeray's sentiment on this topic the severe sense and rigid truth of the outlook on life of Jane Austen. When one thinks of it, the situation arises to some extent in each of her delightful novels—models as they are of what true realism should be—and in every case the superiority is shown of a disciplined, sensible emotional nature, that can look beyond the passing fancy of the moment and see the vista of all the years to come—maturity, matronage, old age—and declines to sacrifice the whole of life to the small part that is comprised in youthful "passionate attachments." The true picture of what love in poverty is likely to come to, as contrasted with the calm affection combined with settlements that is what the generality of wise mothers would prefer for their girls, is given in "Mansfield Park." Turn to it straightway, my sentimental young reader, and see the aftermath of a poor love-match, as Fanny Price saw it when Sir Thomas sent her home to Portsmouth.

Mr. John Carter, of 6A, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place, is a true invalid's friend, having consecrated all his thoughts to appliances to alleviate the sufferings of the delicate and ill, and especially of those attacked by the



chronic complaints that particularly necessitate such aids. Most of the royal invalids of Europe avail themselves of Mr. John Carter's skill and ingenuity in case of need. Within the last few weeks he has made a special journey



to Cannes, by royal request, to see and study with the doctor in attendance the case of Prince George of Cumberland. The illustrations show what Mr. Carter designed and executed to meet the special circumstances. What was wanted was difficult, inasmuch as it had to be a couch



A HALF-MOURNING DRESS.

exploit the charms of that other costume sketched. It might be trimmed either with strappings of cloth of the same colour or of white cloth outlined with a narrow line of black braid, while the waistcoat would be white fastened with oxydised silver buttons, and the inner vest of tucked lawn might be finished with a linen collar and black necktie. The collar which turns up round the neck at the back is very becoming to most women, and comfortable, too, now that we no longer talk about doing our hair on the top of our heads, but unanimously adopt this style.

And now let me spend a few words on fashions in trifles—in belts, for instance, first and foremost. These are now to be obtained in leather of every colour—in mauve, green, grey, red, and powder-blue. We adopt with equal ardour the narrow leather belt or the broad glacé silk corset belt, the latter being made with special success in three shades of the same colour. The coloured leather belts may, under their best conditions, be found fastened with some quaint buckle of enamel, oxydised silver, or jewel, and many of the newest French models will show a belt entirely formed of oxydised silver trellis-work studded with coloured enamel; but these are not so becoming as the narrow leather fancifully buckled.

Then a line to another trifling article of attire—the glove. The most popular shade for gloves is biscuit colour. These are to be found either self-stitched, or with black and white points, or with black points. Another popular tint shades closely on buff, and we still patronise considerably the white glove, the large glove-button being an established fact on all the styles, as indeed it should be, for it is so much more comfortable to fasten than the little pearl buttons of other days. Then a word about stockings, addressed, of course, to those who do not recognise with me the immortal charms of the perfectly plain black silk stocking with plain embroidered clocks. There are some wonderful novelties in the market showing alarming plaids; also may be found some plain Lisle thread stockings with infinitesimal spots stretching their influence from toe to knee; and there are stockings with broad ribs and stockings with narrow ribs. Russian leather shoes should invariably be worn with stockings to match, and if it be true, which the Fates forbid, that the green leather boots are to have any measure of success, then should we, of course, order green stockings.

PAULINA PRY.

N O T E S.

Princess Christian has promised to open the Victorian Era Exhibition at the Crystal Palace on May 6. The opportunity will be taken by H.R.H. to also distribute the prizes of the St. John's Ambulance Association, of which she is patroness.

Lady Jeune protests, and as I think justly, against a statement by Marie Corelli that the London Season is merely a slave market, in which girls are sold "like any unhappy Armenian girl." Lady Jeune asks if Miss Corelli "really believes that the bright, happy, pretty girls we see in London ball-rooms all go there to exhibit their charms to the richest and most desirable suitors?" Lady Jeune thinks that the idea that girls are merely thinking of selling themselves for the most money that they can get is "false," and



A CHARMING COSTUME.

in gun-metal in ball, or crook, or thimble shape. They are studded with pearls and diamonds—real pearls and diamonds, mind you—and form a most delightful finish to plain parasols of glacé silk. There is no parasol more becoming than one of perfectly simple detail in a light shade of turquoise blue. An attractive novelty which I found in the company of this was a parasol bearing at one side a flight of butterflies, worked in a sort of crewel on a

A MATTER OF INTEREST.

Weak Men have the greatest cause to bless the eminent living physician who gave The Charles A. Vogeler Company, of 45, Farringdon Road, London, the formula from which Vogeler's Curative Compound is made, for his discovery has done more for the restoration from the sad weakness of nervous debility, exhausted nerve power, and loss of vitality, than any and all physicians of our time.

So insidious is this terrible disease in its onward and awful march that the person at first scarcely realises its presence.

"COULD NOT EAT." But soon a nervousness is perceptible; there is a weak, tired, and languid feeling, and the strength gradually but surely fails. Soon the memory begins to weaken, the patient finds that he forgets things that he formerly remembered with ease. There is languor, dullness, and a condition from which it is difficult for the patient to arouse himself. Especially is this tired feeling noticeable in the morning, when the person feels as tired as on retiring.

Every movement becomes an effort, and either physical or mental work is difficult and requires great exertion. The nervousness increases, and there is trembling of the hand and limbs. As the disease advances it weakens every part of the system, and soon the sufferer finds himself absolutely good for nothing. Gloom, depression of mind, and despondency take the place of cheerfulness, vigour, and ambition.

It is difficult to fix the mind upon one thing for any length of time; the thoughts wander from one subject to another, and there is confusion of the mind, especially when there is sudden demand for mental exertion.

The patient becomes very excitable, and loses the power to express his thoughts and to control the voice upon slight excitement. The voice trembles at these times, and the person experiences a feeling of weakness, with flushing of the face and palpitation of the heart. The digestive organs become disturbed, and there is coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth at times, loss of appetite, accompanied by dimness of vision and dizziness. There is also lack of inclination for company and desire to be alone.

The man who has all or part of these symptoms is suffering from nervous debility, that weakness and disease

which has ruined so many lives, blasted so many hopes, and caused so much insanity.

Every man who has the slightest symptoms of this terrible form of nervous debility should immediately seek the surest and quickest cure for it, if he values his health, his peace of mind, his prosperity, and his life, for it is curable; Vogeler's Curative Compound is so sure and certain in its result that it scarcely ever fails to cure.

Thousands of men who have despaired of any future, who have completely given up all hope, have been, and are constantly being, restored to perfect and permanent health. Their nerves become strong as steel, their blood circulates with renewed force, their pale and sunken features are replaced by a clear, bright look and sparkling eye, their memory returns, every one of the weakening symptoms disappears, and the person regains all those attributes which make a healthy, strong, able, and successful man.

When once cured by this great medical discovery, one is cured for ever.

Many men suffering as above have lived out a miserable existence because they could not afford or did not like to consult a physician in regard to his complaint. This can now be all avoided by taking Vogeler's Curative Compound, made from the private formula of one of London's greatest living physicians.

The merits of this medicine are verified by Mr. Scott, Roslyn Villa, Plato Row, Brixton, S.W., who writes—

"I should have been as contented with my lot in life as the usual run of men had I not been a martyr to that terrible complaint, 'Nervous Dyspepsia.'

"I obtained medical advice, and took almost everything that was recommended, but grew daily worse. I became haggard in appearance, and looked upon my whole life as a burden to myself and friends. I was irritable, and could take no interest in anything.

"I had been in this miserable state for sometime, when I was asked by a friend, 'Have you taken any of Vogeler's Curative Compound? It is a medicine advertised to cure Dyspepsia, and I have heard its effects in some cases have been simply wonderful.'



Distressed all the time

"I replied I had not, but would try it.

"I obtained a bottle from my chemist, and after a few doses felt a decided change for the better. When I had finished the contents of this bottle, I was so pleased with the result that I determined to give it a fair and genuine trial, believing that I was now on the right road to recovery.

"I discarded all the other medicines, and steadily took three doses of the Compound each day until I had exhausted the contents of three bottles.

"By degrees I lost my careworn look, regained my appetite, and could faithfully say I felt perfectly well.

"My friends were astonished at the change in me, and I was questioned on all sides as to what had effected the cure.

"I told them I had taken Vogeler's Curative Compound, to which I considered I owed my life."

Vogeler's Curative Compound is purely vegetable, mild in its action, reliable. It regulates the liver, kidneys, and digestive organs; it is the safest and best medicine in the world for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, kidneys, liver and nervous diseases, loss of appetite, sick headaches, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, and all derangements of the internal organs. A perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking this invaluable medicine—the result of a great physician's research and experience. It will make it possible for the food which is eaten to accomplish its natural purpose—namely, to support and nourish the natural wants of the body.

Improper digestion causes 90 per cent. of all suffering and disease of the blood, liver, stomach, kidneys, nerves, brain, and skin. Vogeler's Curative Compound renews and strengthens the digestive organs and makes new blood, new nerve force, new vitality, new strength, new life.

Sold the world over in 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. sizes—the former containing 77 doses and the latter 230 doses, making it not only the most economical but the most scientifically prepared pharmaceutical preparation of the century. The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil), sole proprietors, 45, Farringdon Road, London.

One is not experimenting when taking Vogeler's Curative Compound. It will make pure, rich, red blood; clear the complexion, purify, nourish, and strengthen the stomach. It will drive out of the system through the natural channels all disease germs. It gives health, strength, and vitality. It is the best, in fact the only true blood purifier, strength restorer, and dyspeptic remedy, made from the formula of a qualified physician of great eminence.

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Reprint from the "LONDON TIMES" of Feb. 17, 1897.

CARR'S TAPES.—On the 18th Day of December, 1896, an injunction was granted, with costs, by Lord Justice Chitty, in an action in the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division, 1896, C. No. 3962, of James Carr and Sons v. James and Sons, on the application of Messrs. James Carr and Sons, of Manchester, restraining the defendants from selling under the name of Carr's Tapes any but the best and stamped quality of ladder tapes made by Messrs. JAMES CARR and SONS. The name "Carr's Tapes," and the use of the word "Carr's" when applied to ladder tapes, is confined to the best quality of ladder tapes made by Messrs. James Carr and Sons. The public are cautioned against accepting as Carr's tapes any ladder tapes which are not of the first and best quality made by Messrs. James Carr and Sons. In order that the public may know which tapes are of the best quality, Messrs. James Carr and Sons stamp the word "Carr's" on every yard of ladder tapes of their first quality. Messrs. James Carr and Sons give warning that they will protect the use of the words "Carr's Tapes," if necessary, by legal proceedings.

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for life, and then to her son William Reeve; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to Mrs. Ann Reeve, her heirs and assigns.

The will (dated March 8, 1892) of Mr. Henry Robinson, of 37, Albion Street, Hyde Park, and of Eastbourne, who died on March 19, at Northwood, Winterbourne, near Bristol, was proved on April 7 by Mrs. Agnes Robinson, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £35,203. The testator leaves all his property whatsoever and wheresoever to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated July 7, 1890), with a codicil (dated Nov. 20, 1896), of Mr. Job Ashton, of 5, Shooters Hill Road, and formerly of Bryan House, Blackheath, who died on Jan. 16, was proved on April 8 by Frederick Job Ashton and Arthur Charles Ashton, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £32,669. He bequeaths his household furniture, plate, pictures, horses and carriages, the policy of insurance on his life in the Mutual Insurance Company, a mortgage of £1000, and £500 to his wife Mrs. Rosina Mary Ashton; annuities of £40 to Jane Waddington and £30 to William Thompson; and portions of £5000 each are provided for each of his children, but any amounts given to them in his lifetime are to be accounted for. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during widowhood, but in the event of her remarriage £1000 per annum is to be paid to her. Subject to the interest therein given to his wife, his residuary estate is to be divided between his four children,

Frederick John, Arthur Charles, Walter Stanley, and Rosina Mary, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 28, 1894) of Mrs. Susan Carter Baring, of 1 and 2, Grafton Street, Bond Street, and Wallsgrove House, High Beech, Essex, who died on Jan. 11, was proved on April 8 by Richard Combe Abdy and Barré Algernon Highmore Goldie, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £31,908. The testatrix gives £1000 to her sister Mrs. Charles Penrose Quicke; £100 each to her nieces, Edith Penrose Quicke, Miss Minturn, and Susanna Beatrice Macy; £100 each to her executors; her furniture and effects at Wallsgrove to her son Harold Harman John Baring; the furniture and effects at Grafton Street to her son Godfrey Nigel Everard Baring; legacies to servants, and specific gifts to her children. As to the residue of her real and personal estate and all funds under the will of her father, Robert Browne Minturn of New York, over which she has a power of appointment, she leaves three eighths thereof to her son Harold Harman John Baring, two eighths to her son Godfrey Nigel Everard Baring, and one eighth each to her daughters, Mrs. Constance Mary Barter, Mrs. Susanna Beatrice Macy, and Muriel Ursula Baring.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1896) with a codicil (dated April 14, 1896) of Mr. Samuel Boteler Bristowe, Q.C., County Court Judge, of 84, Onslow Gardens, South Kensington, and Beesthorpe Hall, Nottingham, who died on March 5, was proved on April 9 by Mrs. Albertine Eugénie Elizabeth Bristowe, the widow, and Frederick

Edward Bristowe, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £22,327. The testator gives £500, his household furniture and effects, all money in the house and at current and deposit account at his bankers, and the use, for life, of his crested plate and pictures to his wife. He devises Beesthorpe Hall and all his real estate, upon trust, for his son Charles John Bristowe, for life, with remainder to his sons according to seniority. The residue of his personal estate he leaves between his children (except his son who shall succeed to his real property) in equal shares.

The will of the Rev. William Harding Girdlestone, D.D., Hon. Canon of Gloucester, of Sunningdale School, Sunningdale, and formerly of 15, Jesus Lane, Cambridge, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on April 2 by Mrs. Emily Bradfield Girdlestone, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £5229.

The will of Mrs. Annie Emilie Lane, of 21, Queen's Gate Place, South Kensington, who died on Dec. 25, at Thursley, near Godalming, was proved on March 29 by the Right Hon. William Henry Edmund de Vere Sheaffe, Earl of Limerick, the nephew, and Colley Edmund George Ilume Grattan, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3816.

The will of the Hon. Henry Grove Edwardes, of 7, Herbert Crescent, first Secretary to the British Embassy at Rome, who died on Dec. 30, was proved on April 6 by Colonel the Hon. Cuthbert Ellison Edwardes, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £398.

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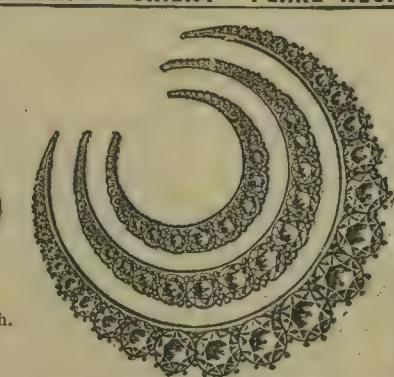
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ART NOTES.

The tribute paid to Mr. A. Legros' qualities as an artist by the little exhibition of his works at the Dutch Gallery (Brook Street, Hanover Square) comes at a fitting moment. There are few teachers—by precept or example—who have done more for English art than the Frenchman who for so many years presided over the Slade School in London. His qualifications for the post were never seriously questioned, although the appointment was severely criticised at the time. Mr. Legros taught (what he well knew) the absolute necessity of correct drawing before allowing his pupils to indulge the promptings of their own imagination. That he could sympathise with many of the phases of modern painting is obvious from his own work, which at times is as classical as Ingres, at others as romantic as Millet. He is, however, at all times the master of his method; and this varied collection shows that his versatility is not obtained by any sacrifice of principle or concession to an ideal.

At the Fine Art Society's Gallery Mr. Graham Petrie, a new-comer, appeals to the public for recognition. His series of brightly painted water-colours of "Landscapes and Lagoon" in England and Italy deserves a hearty welcome, for the frankness and freedom of his work announce a painter who has made himself one with the scenes he depicts. Mr. Graham Petrie paints with a full brush, and indicates his incidents rather than works them out. "The pleasantness of pleasant things" attracts him,

and he knows how to find them on the Venetian Lagoons, among the Hampshire or the Sussex Downs, in the Wiltshire Valleys, and on the Essex Marshes. He has travelled over many countries, and found in each scenes which prove that to the true artist Nature can always turn a smiling face. Mr. Petrie's brushwork, although as rapid as that of many a so-called impressionist, carries with it the conviction that he has learned in a less accommodating school than many who challenge notice by their feeble eccentricity.

The Report of the Trustees of the National Gallery is more than usually meagre. With a Parliamentary grant of £5000 in addition to the private funds at their disposal (of which no account is given), five pictures have been purchased out of the former, costing in the aggregate £1148, and two out of the latter, costing £210. It will be seen from this that the Director is neither venturesome nor extravagant. Three out of the five pictures bought with the Government grant are by Francisco Goya, a Spanish painter who flourished at the end of the preceding and at the beginning of the present century. No specimens of his work had been previously acquired, and the portrait of Doña Isabel Corbo de Porcel is a valuable as well as an attractive work. The other two pictures bought were "Jupiter and Semele," by Andrea Schiavone, and "A Crucifixion" by Giovanni Mansueti—both Venetians. The "Lewis" Fund was partially utilised in purchasing "An Ice Scene," by Hendrik Avercamp, and Gilbert Stuart's portrait of him-

self, which is the first specimen of the Anglo-American school acquired for the National Gallery.

The bequests are more numerous than the purchases, and in some respects more important so far as regards the British school. They include "A Calm at Sea," by Charles Brooking, who began life as a ship's painter in Deptford Dockyard, and painted sea-fights and sea-views; "The Moorland," by J. W. Inchbold, a Leeds artist who in his day attracted more notice from Mr. Ruskin than from the public; and a number of interesting pastels, water-colours, and miniatures bequeathed by Miss Julia Gordon. Among the pictures presented are works by Heda, Weier, and Bega, Dutch artists of the seventeenth century hitherto unrepresented in our national collection. The six Gainsboroughs, however, and the portrait of that artist by Zoffany, presented by the Misses Lane, are the most important additions to the British school.

The attendance of nearly 30,000 persons on the twenty Sundays on which the Gallery was opened last summer shows an average attendance of 1500, as compared with 209 on week-days, a result which might encourage the Trustees to extend the privilege to that period of the year when outdoor relaxation is less possible.

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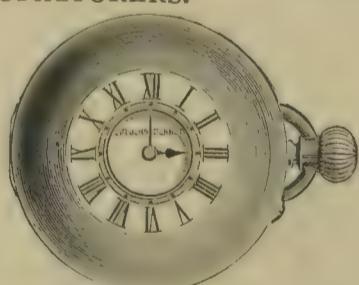
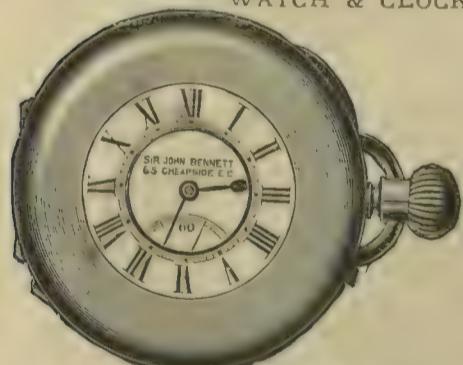
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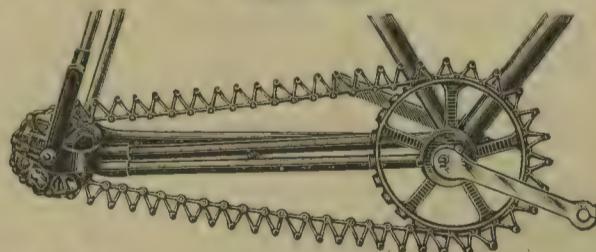
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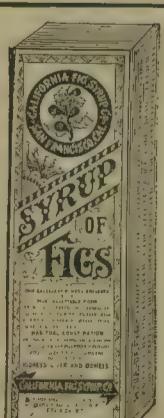
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HEADACHE,
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INDIGESTION,
ETC.

A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheik, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

COCKLE'S PILLS.

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my same as a 'medicine-man' had not died out.'

Piccadilly will gain much by the removal of a West London landmark is another matter. Kent's mansion, erected on the site of Berkeley House—where Princess Anne lived before her accession to the throne—has no pretensions to architectural beauty, and, moreover, its façade is towards the gardens, behind the house. The actual arrangement, too, of the building is even more modern, for within comparatively recent times the present ground floor was taken up by domestic offices, and the entrance was by a double flight of steps to a doorway on what is now the drawing-room floor. The public, therefore, have really lost less by this brick screen than the occupant of the princely house, who could have enjoyed a view of the brightest side of London life without stirring from his easy-chair.

The triforium in the north transept of Canterbury Cathedral has lately been enriched by the addition of two very fine stained-glass windows, which were unveiled last week by the Archbishop of Canterbury. One of the windows commemorates the work of the late Canon Robertson, the ecclesiastical historian, by whose widow it has been placed in the Cathedral. The other is a gift of an anonymous member of the congregation.

MUSIC.

The sacred concerts of Good Friday were numerous and pervasive, extending in their numbers from the Crystal Palace to the Oxford. In the evening, Professor Bridge conducted the forces of the Royal Choral Society in its customary performance of "The Messiah." It cannot truthfully be said that that customary performance is particularly inspiring, but there were certainly one or two numbers that were given with considerable distinction by the chorus, notably the first part of the "All we like sheep have gone astray," and the grand fugue, "And with His stripes." Miss Esther Palliser, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Lloyd Chandos took the solo parts with their usual effectiveness. Mr. Santley was in a particularly good vein, and Miss Palliser sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth" with real distinction. Yet, on the whole, it cannot be denied that the interpretation was a trifle dull and colourless.

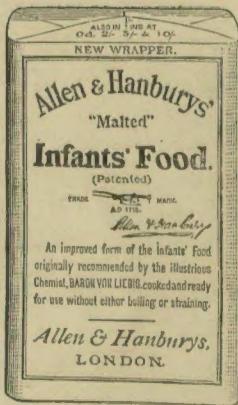
The Crystal Palace Concert season came to an end last Saturday, the supplementary concert for Mr. Manns's benefit taking place to-day (April 24). It has been a

season as artistically successful as ever, and one fervently hopes that it has been equally successful from the financial point of view, so that we may hear no more of those threats to bring these excellent entertainments to a close. There have been several very satisfactory gatherings, the largest being on the occasion of M. Paderewski's appearance at Sydenham; scarcely less large was the audience which assembled for Joachim's admirable playing of the Beethoven Violin Concerto—so that we may trust that, despite the serious rivalry of the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts, Mr. Manns has held his own in the proportion his high merits deserve.

The Guy's Tonic Company, of Buckingham Palace Road, has issued a new edition of its book on digestion, absorption, and assimilation. The book, which is sent gratis and post free to every applicant, is the work of several medical men, who have bestowed special thought on these important subjects. The treatise will be found full of information as to how our bodies are nourished and sustained. Hints are given as to diet and regimen, and there are useful tables illustrating the physiological value of food, periods of digestion, and kindred matters of importance.

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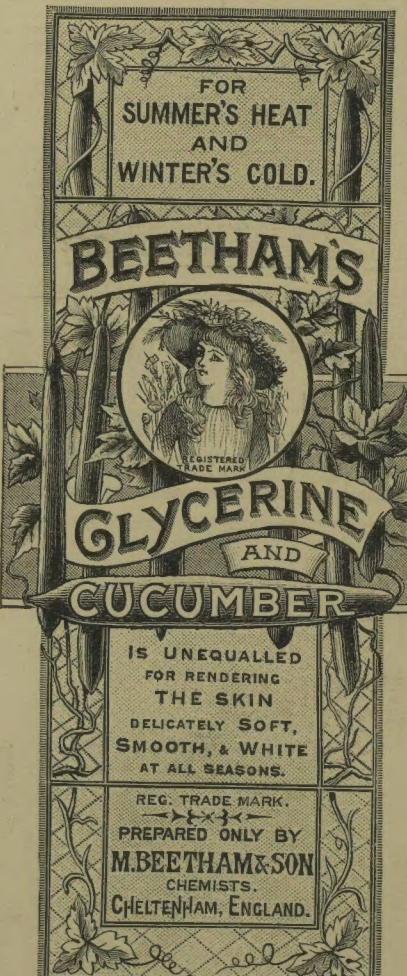
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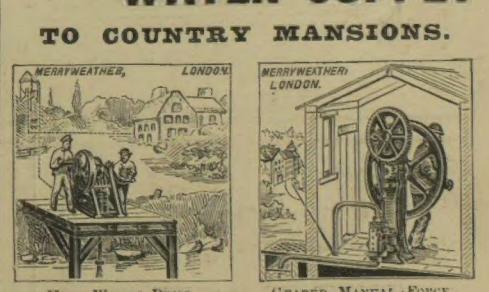
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE MANXMAN," AT THE LYRIC.

The dramatic representation of Mr. Hall Caine's story, which was revived at the Lyric on Saturday afternoon, shows Mr. Wilson Barrett as a very clever adaptor on the one hand, and as a mannered actor minus his mannerisms on the other. To see him as Lemuel one week, plunging about in a morass of invertebrate pseudo-Biblical rhetoric (to say nothing of the grotesque garments which he wore), and then to see him as the simple-souled Pete, in the plain blue serge and jackboots of the Manx fisherman-farmer, is to go from the extremes of staginess to absorbing naturalness. For Mr. Barrett's performance is extraordinarily good, scarce a single mannerism remaining to jar on one's nerves. Miss Jeffries is not strong enough to carry off her part from end to end, although she starts

excellently, and in the lighter moods is so good that one can imagine her making a great deal of a comedy study. The Creegan of Mr. Ambrose Manning is excellent, and Miss Daisy Belmore looks and acts as if she really were the serving-maid. The play is beautifully mounted, especially the farm scene, and it is full of that dramatic interest which carries on the action with increasing force from point to point. Altogether, a play to be seen.

"ON LEAVE," AT THE AVENUE.

To go from "The Manxman" to the farce "On Leave," produced on the evening of the same day, was to become violently conscious of the extremes in the art of adaptation. As "Le Sursis," it was possibly plausible and amusing. In the English of Mr. Fred Horner it is simply incredible, and so extravagantly stupid that it might fitly be called "On Leave (of one's senses)." The merest outline of the story will indicate this. Bernard Vaughan, solicitor (Mr.

Arthur Playfair), in order to inherit a legacy, has to serve as a private in the militia. One year, while on the point of joining his regiment, he gets leave of absence, but, glad to be a month away from his elderly wife, he sets off (in uniform) with an hysterical lady client. He lands by ill luck in a militia camp, where he is taken for a deserter, and the Colonel of which (Mr. Beauchamp) is the foster-father of a Captain Berkeley, who wants to marry the solicitor's step-daughter (Miss Palfrey). Vaughan's chief clerk, Dobson (Mr. W. H. Denny), who is in love with his master's step-daughter, also appears at the camp to investigate the character of the Captain. Solicitor and clerk meet, and much of the humour of the piece consists in their continually changing their clothes on the stage before the audience amid a lavish display of knockabout business, which is chiefly remarkable for its blatant vulgarity. "On Leave" is simply vulgar without being funny.



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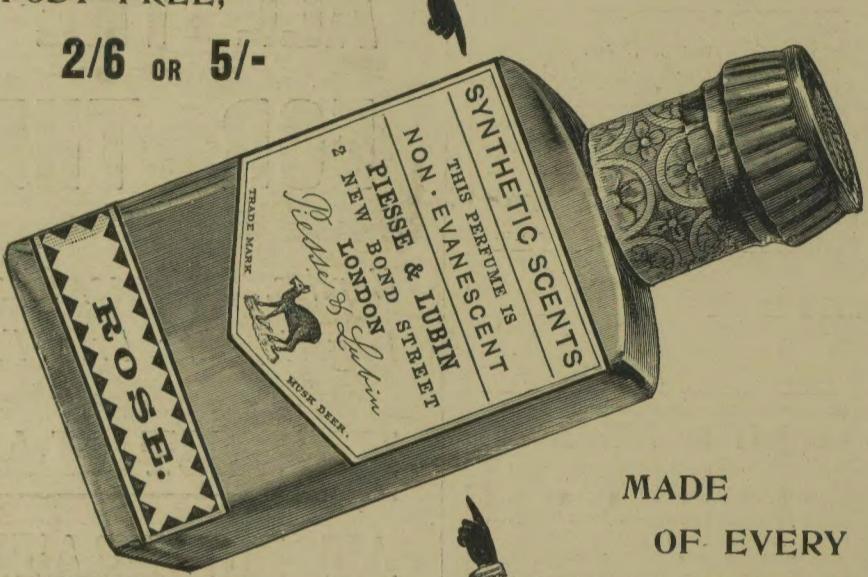
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